The Traveller, Family Journal,

AND

TIMES SPIRIT OF THE LIFE IN NEW-YORK

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THE COMFORTS OF A CONVENIENT DISTANCE.

Mr. Rufus Wadd had been, for many years, head of the respectable firm of Wadd, Brothers, Wadd, & Co. (the Co. comprising a couple of the Junior Wadds,) carrying on a profitable business in Lawrence-Pountney-lane, near Thames street. In this same house the Wadds had been established time immemorial: it was here that Rufus drew his first breath; and here, following the good old city custom, in the house of business, did he resolve to dwell, until he should have acquired sufficient wealth to warrant his relinquishing the cares of commerce altogether. By "said wealth," (a phrase already used) nothing more was meant than a real *bona-fide* property, producing a certain income of some hundreds, in contradistinction to "immense wealth" in mining speculations, foreign bonds, &c. which cannot, strictly speaking, be termed "solid;" and Mr. Wadd's notion of "sufficient" extended not beyond a clear and unencumbered seven hundred and fifty pounds *per annum*. Till he had attained the aforesaid shilling of this sum, not all the entreaties of his wife and his daughter, nor his own secret longings after rural retirement, could induce him to quit the *House*, as he emphatically termed it: and the merit of maintaining his resolution will appear the greater when it is stated that, from his earliest youth, his most earnest wish had been to lead the life of a country gentleman.

There are persons who, when they contemplate an abandonment of the Capital, send their imaginations full gallop across the Pyrenees; others, of less ardent temperament, dream of nothing beyond Geneva or Lausanne; some again, of colder constitutions, stop short in Wales—some, even at Walthamstow. Of us, the most moderate class, was Mr. Wadd. He did not intend, upon his quitting Lawrence-Pountney Lane, to become either a bear or a hermit. He knew that old habits are not to be put off like an old garment; consequently, that he might, now and then, feel a longing to visit his old haunts, and see how things were going on at Garraway's, on Change, or at "the House;" and to this end, a convenient distance from town was desirable. In a real hour, he found precisely the thing he wanted: some demon thrust under his very nose an advertisement of "A house to be sold, most delightfully situated at a convenient distance from London, enjoying the supereminent advantage of commanding coaches up and down four times a day;" and he fell plump into the snare. The seven hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* were completed, and away to Turnham-Green went Mr. Wadd. He had never been fond of company, thereby meaning visitors, occasional droppers-in; they interfered with his habits. His mornings were, of course, secured against such intruders by the imperious duties of business; besides which, in his neighborhood, every man had his own to attend to. But his evenings were by no means so safe; and it had frequently happened that his intercourse with his favorite Tacitus, and his sly dallyings with the Muses, were interrupted by the unwelcome call of some acquaintance, who had kindly resolved to come and spend a couple of hours with him. Yet was he fond of society—that is to say, whenever it exactly suited his own good pleasure and convenience; and once a month, or so, he would invite a few friends to a family dinner, which, in due time (and as it was but fair it should be) was regularly accounted for by an invitation from each of the guests. Here, at his rural residence, no such unexpected invasions as those alluded to could be accomplished: he was protected—like the New Hollanders from an incursion of the Cherokees—by distance. But, it may be inquired, how did Mr. Rufus Wadd intend to spend his comfortable income, with no one but a wife and daughter to provide for? and how pass his mornings, which, to a man formerly used to occupation, must press wearily on his hands? Why, with respect to his income, he did *not intend* to spend it: on the contrary, he had resolved, by severe economy, and by sundry dabblings in sundry matters, whenever he paid a visit to the City, "to make this mickle more;" and with respect to his time, he had devised a variety of methods of passing it entirely to his own satisfaction. His mornings would partly be occupied in his garden, in carefully counting the gooseberries on his bushes, and picking the sufficient number for the day's pudding—for gardeners are great rogues, and are not to be trusted; and partly in inspecting the washerwomen's bills, and visiting the various chandler's shops in the village in order to purchase hearthstones, sand, and matches for the housemaids, at as little above prime-cost as possible—for washerwomen are not all of them honest, and chandlers are scoundrels, who would cheat you of a half penny as soon as look at you. His evenings he would devote to amusement—chiefly his own; he would perfect himself in Thomson, undertake the study of other moral poets and make up the daily account of his outgoings and his savings. Then, once a year, on his daughter's birthday, which fortunately occurred in July, he would give a splendid entertainment—a breakfast on the back lawn—to all his friends and acquaintance. This would be a *handsome-looking* thing then a dinner, less troublesome, less expensive; and at that particular season he should have such an abundance of fruit—of which, as he kindly considered, Londoners are so passionately fond—that if his friends did not eat it, his pigs must. But the ice was beneath the scheme of the "splendid award," a politic intention altogether worthy of Wadd, and one which his head alone perhaps could have conceived: it would serve as a set off against the dinner scores he might run with his city friends, whenever his affairs might call him Eastward; and his friendly reminder on any such occasion, "Remember, we shall expect you at the Grove on the 27th of next July," would also serve as a hint at which no one could reasonably take offence, that they would not be expected till then.

These however, were but projects, few of which were destined to be fulfilled.

It was on the 5th of August that the Wadds took possession of the new mansion. On the sixth, (Friday,) as the clock struck five and just as they were sitting down to dinner, the stage-coach stopped at the door. The servant announced the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wadd and Master Tom—(this is said like one travelled—like his self-namesake, if you please. "By Jingo, Rufus," exclaimed his cousin Bob, "you are at the most convenient distance! delightful! Fine afternoon, no thing to do, so half past three Betsey and I took a fancy our heels to come down, no sooner said than done,—cold bit of veal that, upon my word,—took it on Tom with us—Tom, my dear, don't be sucking the edges of that tart, they'll give you some unwell—pound into a Turnham-Green munch at the Goose and Gridiron, and here we are—and no bedding time." There was no parrying this blow: Rufus resolved to avail himself of the sweetest revenge that occurred to him: his very slight acquaintance were fond of a little of the kidney, he swallowed the whole of it himself—"Capital port this Rufus.—Now see, Betsy, my dear, how I told you, a most convenient distance, plenty of time to take one's nine comfortably, get a cup of—Hi! where's Tom? O, I see him among the strawberries. [Rufus's heart sank within him.] Can't leave the little fellow with you tonight, but he shall come and spend a month with you before we lose the fine weather; nice distance for the boy. As I was saying, time to take our wine and coffee; at half past eight the stage calls for us, and at ten there we are at home. Charming distance, isn't it, Betsy, my dear?" Half past eight came, and the guests went. This won't do, thought Rufus. But he not only thought it, he said it and swore it too. That night he slept not.

The next day (Saturday) he gave strict charge to the servants that, if any one should come to dinner, they were to say the family were all out. The order happened to be needless, for no one did come, and Rufus began to resume his usual good humor. At eight o'clock a stage coach drove up to the gate, and down jumped a little, round, red, fat man, with a small portmanteau in his hand. "*Who—the—devil—is—that*, and what can he want?" It was Mr. Wobble, the underwriter, one of the pleasantest fellows in the city, and one whom Mr. Wadd was always delighted to see—at other people's houses. "Ha! Wadd, my boy! Mrs. W. I'm yours—Ha! Miss Jemima! Delightful house, I declare; comes up to all I have heard of it! *And the distance!* Stage sets you down at the very door, *the—very—door*.—Nice house, indeed, and—Bow, wow, wow! that'll never do. You must chain up that dog to-night, Wadd; I can't sleep in a house where there is a dog barking."—"Sleep!" echoed Wadd, "why, surely you are not come to sleep here?"—"I'm not come here to lie awake all night, I can tell you that. Ha! ha! ha! you know my way; I always take the bull by the horns. Ha! ha! ha! first come, first served. Ha! ha! ha! you may have the house full to-morrow—Sunday you know,—and then Sam Wobble might come off second best.—But don't put yourselves out of the way; any thing will do for me; a garret, any thing, only let me have a good bed and plenty of pillows. I leave that to you, my dear Mrs. W.—I have a short neck and must sleep with my head high, else I might go off suddenly in the night, and a funeral in a newly furnished house would make such a mess, wouldn't it, Wadd? I suppose you have dined?" So have I. I know you are supping-people, so I dined early.—Well, I'll just go and make myself comfortable and come down to you. Charming house, delightful distance, I declare!" "Where can we put him?" inquired Mrs. Wadd; "we can't turn him out now he is here." "There is the blue bed," replied Wadd; "it has never been slept in, and may require airing in case I should want to use it myself; the very thought of a damp bed makes me tremble, so put him into that."

The next day was, as Mr. Wobble had sagely foretold it would be, Sunday, a day of all others dearest to Rufus Wadd, who liked to have his time, as, indeed, he liked to have any thing else—to himself. To him this "Sabbath was no day of rest."—The twelve o'clock coach brought Mr. and Mrs. William Wadd, who *upbraided* for not getting down in time to breakfast, the distance being so short it was shameful to lose the fine of the morning, but then the one o'clock coach made ample amends to the amiable host, for it brought Mr. Parkins (the carrier) and his son, just in time for luncheon. "The distance is so convenient," observed the latter, "that one can calculate one's time to a moment: and then the luxury of being set down at the very door!" I'll set fire to the house, thought Rufus. The next conveyance introduced Peter Wadd. "I am sorry your wife is not with you," said Rufus, putting the best face he could on the matter yet heartily glad at seeing him *solus*. "You know how it is, Rufus; women are never ready: but as the distance is positively not worth mentioning, I left them to come by themselves by the next stage."—"*Them!* I"—"O—ay—the two Miss Praters are staying with us. As I said to Jane, where two can dine three can dine, and—besides you can make an addition to your provision with as little difficulty as the charming place—you are at such a convenient distance!"

These two or three days are types of those which followed. Mr. Wadd saw his projects frustrated, his hopes of leisure and retirement destroyed. He was seldom left alone, except when he would have given one of his ears for society—that was when it rained a deluge, and he was constrained to remain in-doors, and seek amusement in beating the devil's tattoo with his fingers on the plate-glass windows of his front parlor, or watching the little circles, made by the little rain-drops, in the little cistern wherein Cupid stood.

His temper, his patience, his health, and perhaps his income, would not much longer have held out against the daily importations of visitors, consigned to him through the medium of those moving lazar-houses, the Turnham-Green stages, carrying only six inside; and he began to think of stealing a mile or two lower down the road. One morning at breakfast, while Rufus was reading the Morning Post, Mrs. Wadd and Jemima were alarmed at hearing a sort of rattling sound in the good man's throat. The paper had fallen from his hand, and a piece of toast was sticking in his mouth: he was within an ace of choking, but their attentions presently revived him. He spoke not, but pointed to the paragraph which had so fearfully affected him. It ran as follows: "We are happy to learn that four new Omnibuses, each carrying sixteen inside, will run daily between the City and Turnham-Green."

It is supposed that Mr. Rufus Wadd is gone with his family to reside at one of the most distant settlements on the Swan River.

THE PATIENT SHOP KEEPER.

In days of yore, there lived in Chester, in the state of Pennsylvania, an old gentleman who kept a dry-goods store, and was remarkable for his mild disposition, so much so that no one had ever seen him out of temper. This remarkable characteristic having become the subject of conversation, one of his neighbors, who was somewhat of a wag, bet five dollars that *he* could succeed in ruffling the habitual placidity of the stoic. He accordingly proceeded to his store, and asked to see some cloth suitable for a coat. One piece was shown him, and then another; a third and a fourth were handed from the shelves; *this* was too coarse, the *other* was too fine; one was of too dark a color, another too light; still the old Dogberry continued placid as new milk, and no sooner did his customer start an objection to any particular piece, than he was met by some other variety being laid before him, until the very last piece in the shop was unfolded to his view. The vender now lost all hope of pleasing his fastidious purchaser, when the latter, affecting to look at the uppermost piece with satisfaction, exclaimed: "Ah, my dear sir, you have hit it at last; *this* is the very thing; I will take a *coat's* worth of this pattern, at the same time laying the money plump upon the counter before him, to show that he was prompt pay. "You shall have it, my good friend," replied the merchant, with the utmost serenity of speech and manner; and then, laying the cent on the surface of the cloth, and applying his ample scissors, he cut it fairly round to the size of the money, and wrapping it carefully up in paper, made a low bow, thanked him for his custom, and hoped that he would call at his store when he wanted any thing in his line again.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE PROGRESS OF CHANGE.

The French newspapers, which, in 1815, were subject to the censor, announced the departure of Bonaparte from Elba, his progress through France, and his entry into Paris, in the following ingenious manner:—7th of March, the Authropophagus has quitted his den—10th, the Corsican Ogre has landed at Cape Juan—11th, the Tiger has arrived at Gap—12th, the Monster slept at Grenoble—13th, the Tyrant has passed through Lyons—14th, the Usurper is directing his steps towards Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen *en masse* and surround him on all sides—15th, Bonaparte is only sixty leagues from the capital; he has been fortunate enough to escape the hands of his pursuers—19th, Bonaparte is advancing with rapid steps, but he will never enter Paris—20th, Napoleon will to-morrow, be under our ramparts—21st, the Emperor is at Fontainbleau—22d, His Imperial and Royal Majesty, yesterday evening, arrived at the Tuileries, am dst the joyful acclamations of his devoted and faithful subjects.

New-York TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL

EXECUTION OF CLOUGH.

We are indebted to a correspondent and friend, for the following description of the last moments of Clough the murderer. It is more minute and accurate in its details than any that has yet been published.

"Owing to certain facilities for attending the execution, politely afforded me by the Sheriff, I had as fair an opportunity as amateur could desire, for seeing and hearing all that passed on the memorable occasion. I went to the prison some hours previous to the coming forth of the prisoner, and entered his cell in company with the clergymen who attended him. On crossing the threshold, I saw through the dim obscurity of the dungeon, the condemned criminal dressed in his garments of death and seated upon a low stool by the side of a small table, on which were materials for writing. Upon our entrance he rose from his seat, greeted the reverend gentlemen and reached out his hand to me. There was a young lad in the apartment, a son of one the clergymen I believe; Clough took him between his knees, threw his arms round him, and in a caressing and subdued voice asked "my dear, did you never see a man hung before?" His whole manner during my stay in the cell, was firm and collected, and betrayed no unmanly apprehensions. I soon after went out, and waited below stairs until his devotions were finished. In a little while he came out with a large coil of rope round his neck and shoulders, and the Sheriff and clergymen at his side—He sprang lightly into the wagon prepared for him, and took his seat by the side of the Sheriff. Immediately behind sat the reverend Mr. Wilman and the Rev. Mr. Morehouse,; Bishop Doane was not present, being prevented by indispensable engagements. The cavalcade then set forward, attended by about 500 troops some mounted and some on foot, and by the constabulary of the vicinity, and some thousands of visitors from all parts of the country. As we slowly passed through the streets of Mount Holly, the wretched culprit was singled out from his escort by thousands of eager and excited spectators, and if sympathy could have afforded him comfort, the piteous looks and streaming eyes of many a fair face at the crowded windows between which he passed, would have alleviated his wretchedness. After a slow, and to all but one, a tedious progress through two miles of burning sand, the gallows appeared in sight, rising with startling distinctness over the heads of the countless multitude. I watched Clough's features for some token of those "unutterable thoughts" which must have thronged in his mind at the first sight of the "fatal tree," but in vain. He appeared intently engaged with his ghostly comforters, whose emotions were much more conspicuous than his own. On reaching the appointed spot, Clough descended promptly from the wagon, and without the least hesitation or faltering, walked up the steps of the gallows, still attended by the Sheriff and the reverend gentlemen. A chair was placed on the platform for his accommodation, and a glass of water was handed him; a little of which he drank. Various appropriate religious services then took place, after which Mr. Wilman read from a paper with a distinct and impressive voice, a confession signed by the murderer. The most remarkable point insisted on in this document, was the solemn assertion that an engagement had subsisted between him and his victim. Hymns were then sung, and the touching ceremony of bidding farewell, was gone through; the first tears that I had seen him shed were now to be seen glistening on his pallid features. He wrung the hands of his religious attendants, who left the platform, and then submitted himself to the last preparations. He was left alone with the Sheriff, and was occupied for some minutes in the proper adjustment of the deadly noose; he measured repeatedly the length of the rope by his arm, and discussed with great apparent composure the extent of his fall with the official, whose unpleasant duty it was to make the final arrangements. All this time he stood unsupported and firm, and without any appearance of tremor or sinking of the limbs. At this moment he looked over the side of the gallows frame, and his feelings may be conceived when his eyes rested upon the coffin, which in a few minutes was to enclose his own lifeless body. He then threw a melancholy glance towards the heavens, over the vast multitude, and around at the forest of dark pines, whose gloomy verdure well became the occasion. The white cap was then placed on his head, and his arms tied at the elbows—After shaking hands with the Sheriff as well as their constrained situation would admit, the cap was drawn down entirely over his face, shutting out forever from his mortal gaze the bright blue sky, the sea of upturned faces of which he was the centre, and more than all, the last glances of human sympathy he could ever behold. The Sheriff rapidly descended the steps which were quickly removed from the side of the gallows—a wooden brace was knocked away from beneath—a rope was pulled, and the victim of his own bad passions sank sheer down his whole length, and swung a dead man in the clear summer air. All this time I stood within three feet of the gallows and looked up with feelings of desperate excitement at the appalling spectacle of a human being with all his faculties of mind, his powers of body in their fullest integrity, about to become in a moment a senseless and inanimate clod. While he was standing upon the trap before its fall, I distinctly saw the muscles of his throat in motion, and from beneath the mysterious covering that shrouded his features, I could hear his last smothered ejaculations, "God have mercy upon me; Oh Lord receive my spirit!" These were cut short by the fall of the board upon which he stood; a few struggling motions of his legs and an upheaving of his breast were all that pronounced his sufferings, and they were soon closed by an universal shudder that ran through his frame. He was cut down in about half an hour, placed in his coffin, and buried in the yard of the Court House, where the proper services for the dead were read over his grave."

AN IRISH DEFENCE.

Some years ago, Mr. Boyle (who conducted a satirical paper at Cork, called "The Freeholder,") came in contact with one of the City Sheriffs at the theatre there. He suffered so much from this collision, that he brought Boyle to trial for the assault. Juries, at that time, were not the most unprejudiced in Ireland, and a "corporation jury" were not in the habit of leaning to the side of mercy when an enemy of the "ascendancy" was brought before their *justice*. Boyle had written some severe things against the corporation, and his conviction, on almost any grounds, was anticipated by his foes and feared by his friends. The trial came on before one of the judges at the Assize. After many challenges, and much difficulty, the jury were empannelled. Mr. O'Connell, the leading counsel at the Munster bar in criminal cases, was retained for Mr. Boyle. The evidence bore strongly against his client, although it was admitted that the assault might have been accidental; and, O'Connell, declining to call rebutting evidence, spoke at some length in reply to the prosecution. Finding that his appeal to justice made little apparent way into the hearts of a Cork Corporation jury, he suddenly adopted the language of irony, and concluded in the following abrupt manner: "Gentlemen, I remember a trial at Clonmel, of a poor man on a charge of murder; a beautiful case of circumstantial evidence—like what you have just now heard, was made up against him. The prisoner's life seemed to hang by a single hair, when the case assumed a different complexion. He requested leave to call a witness, and, to the amazement of the court, produced on the table the man alleged to have been murdered. Perhaps, to use a phrase you all understand, he had been only 'kilt.' The judge instantly desired the jury to send down their verdict. After a little pause, the foreman handed in a slip of paper, with the awful word 'guilty' written on it. The judge, in utter astonishment, exclaimed, 'why the man has not been murdered! how can the prisoner be guilty?' 'Oh, my lord,' replied the foreman, 'that may be; but if he did not kill the man, sure he stole my bay mare three years ago!' So, gentlemen; (concluded O'Connell,) you must find Mr. Boyle guilty; for though he did not assault the sheriff, sure he libelled the corporation!' The jury, who had laughed at the anecdote, were shamed into justice, and Boyle was acquitted.

TIT FOR TAT.

George the Third was often at Weymouth, for the benefit of the sea air. One morning he was taking his usual walk, which he often did alone, and about the palace, very early, when he came into contact with two sentinels, and was challenged by one of them, as being on forbidden ground, with "I say old one, you have no business there." The King's dress, the morning being cold, was a great coat, which concealed his person and made the new recruit mistake him for a country farmer. Both sentinels belonged to a regiment which had marched in only the evening before. One of them only knew the King, but was prevented checking the bluntness of his companion by the King going up to the challenger and keeping up his disguise. The sentinel and the King had a few words together, when the latter gave him a crown, in true kingly style, knowing that the man only did his duty, and meant no harm, and that strangers were forbidden entrance into that part of the premises. On the King retiring, and before he was out of hearing, the challenger went up to the other sentinel, and shaking the money in his hand said, "I have done the old one out of five shillings," when he was thunderstruck, by his companion saying "Why—do you know that was the King?" The king heard it, and passed away, leaving the poor sentinel ready to shrink his head to the very soles of his shoes. The King loved a merry thing, and remembered the transaction; for, two years after, he was going into the house of peers, at the meeting of Parliament, and in passing between two files of soldiers from the carriage to the door, he recognized the gentleman recruit who had so politely accosted him at Weymouth, and turning round suddenly addressed him with, "I say, have you done another old one out of five shillings since I saw you last? The King went smiling into the house of peers, and left the soldier wishing to sink into the earth.

THE BOTTLE CONJUROR OUTDONE.

At a small village, on Thursday se'night, not 100 miles from Cheltenham (the name we forbear mentioning out of compassion to its inhabitants), one of the most complete hoaxes was played off by a fellow, who styled himself the *Emperor of all the Conjurors*, that we have heard of for a long time. He hired a room at the village alehouse for the evening, when, through the attractions held out in his bill, of which the following is a copy, the room was literally crammed: and five minutes before the exhibition was to have commenced, he decamped with the money received at the door (probably jumped down his own throat), and has not since been heard of. Three fellows accompanied the Conjuror when he hired the room, who most likely, shared the plunder so easily filched from the unsuspecting dupes:—

"FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

"Felix *Downjumpkerostum*, the Emperor of all the Conjurors, begs leave to announce to the Nobility, Gentry and Inhabitants, that he has just arrived with five *Arabian Conjurors*, which he intends to exhibit for this night only. Any attempt to describe their extraordinary performances must be needless, as the proprietor flatters himself that they must be seen to be believed. They are all brothers by the same father; their names, *Muley, Benassar, Abdallah, Mustapha*, and *Sackee*. At the conclusion of their never-yet-equalled feats of sleight of hand, legerdemain, &c. &c. they will each take a lighted torch in either hand, (o! incredible to relate!) *Sackee*, with the burning torches, will jump clean down *Mustapha's* throat, who, in an instant, with equal dexterity, will pass down the throat of *Abdallah*, then *Abdallah* will jump down that of *Benassar*, and *Benassar* down his brother *Muley's*; who lastly, notwithstanding he is encumbered with his four brothers and their four torches, will throw a flip-flap somerset down his own throat, and leave the audience in total darkness!"—*Probationest.*"—*English Paper.*

ANECDOTE OF MR. BECKFORD.

The munificent owner of Font-hill had ordered to be made for him a very large vase of gold, of most exquisite workmanship, with figures in bold relief to be finished in the utmost possible perfection of art. This unparalleled work was finished, and carried home. The Magnifico contemplated it for a considerable time, and expressed his entire satisfaction—his admiration of the work. Something, however in the shape of the vase, did not exactly fulfil his notion of a pure outline—of a perfect contour; turning therefore to the respectable person who brought it, he enquired, 'Pray Mr.——, what will be the loss, if this vase is returned to the melting pot?' After some little consideration, 'About 1,000*l*.' was the answer. 'Very well, then,' was the rejoinder, 'let it be melted.' And it *was* melted accordingly.

A LONG PAUSE.

An old gentleman riding over Putney-bridge, turned round to his servant, and said, "Do you like eggs, John?" "Yes sir," was the reply. Here the conversation ended. The same gentleman, riding over the same bridge that day twelvemonth, again turned round and said, "how?" "Poached sir," was the answer.

ANECDOTE OF KEAN.

Kean's talents were almost universal, but he never succeeded in light comedy. Mrs. Jordan pronounced him the worst *Don Felix* she ever played with: the writer was present at the performance, (it was at Weymouth,) and admits the justice of the remark.—Kean had a strong perception of his own powers, and always preferred that he should some day be at the head of his profession. He was a beautiful lecturer. The actors wished him to establish a lecture at the play. His answer was, "it never shall be said of me, that I was a fencing master." I persuaded him to teach me the noble art as a friend, but he would take no remuneration.—He came to us one day in the greatest possible spirits, 'My fortune,' said he, 'is made; Lord Cork has bespoken Othello;—we know his reputation as a critic, and I will not lose the opportunity.' The next day we saw him again. 'Well, Kean, what success.' 'Do not name it sir, I am miserable; whilst I was playing the finest parts of Othello in my best style, my Lord Cork's children were plowing at Lot cookies in front of the box, and Lord and Lady C. laughing at them.

The following is a genuine letter, from a native writer at Calcutta, one whose business it is to copy English letters and accounts. Although it begins "Honoured Sir," it is addressed to "Mrs. Samuel Smith, Esq."

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JUGGOBUNDOO ROY

Honoured Sir

I have the honour to inform you that Your poor petitioner Juggobundoo Roy is very poor as I is unable to maintain his family therefore not having received any other remedy Came to Mr. W: Elias and informed him all my miserable condition and Mr. W: Elias with his favourable kindness gave me a Situation as I can maintain and Mr. W: Elias is very favourable and tenderness but at present in my misfortune Mr. W: Elias is no occasion me in his ibary Answered me But at present having been out of business is greatest sorry and miserable Condition but I heard that Mrs. Samuel Smith is very favourable and tenderness to those who are poor therefore having no any other remedy Came to you and informing you that I have no any one in the world to assist me without Mr. W: Elias and I have about twelve families which I maintain and my old father is very poor he can do nothing only setting house but sir I hope very much that you will give me a situation and maintain me as your own son and I will obey you as my Father and I hope that you will be please to favour me with giving a situation on your kind assistance and paternal affection upon your poor son that I can maintain my family and if you not favour me then my family almost will starve to death and I have been very sorry to trouble you with the specimen of my hand writing and to inform you my miserable condition which you will be please to favour me with your kind assistance

I have the honour to be Sir
Your most humble servant
JUGGOBUNDOO ROY

Calcutta 1830 17th Mar

POSTON POLICE.

MUNICIPAL COURT, JUNE TERM, 1833.

Two Bills of Indictment were found at this term against two individuals, under circumstances rather unusual—and as the parties' names have already been before the public, there can be no impropriety of using them here. About ten o'clock of the evening of the tenth of June, Dr. Columbus Gates, one of the practitioners of medicine in our city, not exactly a hierarchate of the Mass. Medical Society, was arrested on a Warrant; and a lady, Mrs. Sarah Tay, with whom he had long boarded, was also arrested on another Warrant, and both committed to gaol, to be brought before the Municipal Court in the morning, there to be arranged on the several indictments found against them. They were accordingly ushered into Court on the morning of the 11th, wholly unconscious of the charge made against them. Dr. Gates had before stood in need of counsel, and had employed a gentleman of the Bar, who on several occasions had had the good fortune to prescribe for him successfully—and consequently had gained the Doctor's entire confidence. His counsel was sent for, who, on his arrival in the Court Room, discovered in his Client, the premonitory symptoms of some horrible malady, and said to him "Doctor what difficulty have you got into now?" Why said he, "I wish you would find out, I don't know; I and this woman who sits there were taken last night, put into gaol, and here we are. Do look and see what the matter is." His Counsel took from the files of the Court the two indictments and found that Columbus Gates was indicted for Fornication with one Sarah Tay, and that Sarah Tay was indicted for the same offence with one Columbus Gates. On learning these facts, the Counsel of Gates went to him, informed him for what offence he had been committed, and said to him, "Doctor, this looks rather dark, you have been lucky of late, how are you to escape now?" "Why," said the Doctor, "I thought when people got married they had a right to sleep together, and were safe in so doing." "Married!" said his Counsel—"Certainly," said the Doctor.—"What evidence have you? Can you prove it?" "Why," said the Doctor, "I guess I can—I have Rev. Mr. Pierpont's paper here in my pocket." He then upon took out of his pantaloons pocket the Rev. Gentleman's certificate, that he had early in May previous joined in the bonds of matrimony, Columbus Gates and Sarah Tay, according to the laws of this Commonwealth. After sending for Rev. Mr. P. to indentify the unfortunate couple, who were yet scarcely out of the honey moon, they were discharged and ordered to go without day. The Doctor as he was leaving the Bar, said, well I have now learned the meaning of the old saying—"'Tis sometimes dangerous to be safe.—*Com. Gazette.*

Brotherly love.—*Timothy Ryan, vs. James Ryan,* who was charged with making "loud cries and exclamations, to the terror of divers good citizens." James called upon his loving brother to get a pistol, which the latter withheld from him without his consent, and the pistol being refused, he got into a passion, and in the words of the complaint "sailed round the room in a horrible rage." Timothy persisted in refusing to deliver up the pistol, and James sallied into the bed room, and made re-prisal of a coat and other clothing, to be held as hostages for his weapon. Timothy excused himself for retaining possession of the pistol, by alleging that James was jealous of his wife, and quarrelled with her every night, and he was afraid he would do some mischief with it.

Magistrate.—If you want your pistol, and your brother will not deliver it, you must bring a civil action, and not go to his house and disturb his family. I must bind you over to keep the peace, but shall not tax you the costs, unless your brother insists upon his *fees* as a witness.

Timothy.—I should like to have my fees.

Magistrate.—I make the remark, because the defendant being your brother, I thought vo might be willing to remit them; however, you have a right to them, if you insist upon it.

Timothy.—Well, I'll take them.

Magistrate.—James, you must carry back the clothes, and he must give up the pistol.—*Morning Post.*

A useful hint.—Among the petitions lately presented to the French Chamber of Deputies was one from a Dr. Beaux, who wished to have a newspaper established for the special purpose of publishing the names of debtors who do not pay their creditors, and particularly patients who, after being cured, forget to pay their medical advisers.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

Tho' thy lip no more is beautiful, no longer bright thine eye,—
Fithank thee for a little piece of that hot apple-pie;
And tho' thy cheek has lost its hue, by years and sorrow chased,
Yet, dearest! yet,—I'll trouble thee for one more bit of paste.
What tho' thy step is dull'd and slow—come take a glass of wine;
A thousand charms are left thee still—those plums are very fine!
Thy heart, dear girl, is still unchanged, still warm is my esteem—
And love and joy shall still be ours—do taste this clouted cream.
Ah! bards may sing, and maids believe—some butter if you please,
That flow'rs for ever—won't you take some porter with your cheese?
But trust me, dearest, youth will fade—this Gloster's rather stale,
But love can feel no change, dear Jane—one other glass of ale!
Yea! Hope revives, and tho' we've past—the Stilton's very nice,
Thro' life's drear pathways, thorn bestrown—I'll take a single slice.
Linked Land in hand, thro' life we'll go—I fear you're rather cold,
Loving and loved, and lovely still—this port is very old!

OCTOGENARIAN REMINISCENCES.

In 1670 a Mr. Cross was prompter at Drury Lane Theatre, and a Mr. Saunders the principal machinist. Saunders labored under an idea that he was qualified for a turf-man, and, like most who are afflicted with that disorder, suffered severely. The animals he kept, instead of being safe running horses for him, generally made him a safe stalking-horse for others. One upon one occasion he came to the theatre in great ill-humor, having just received the account of a race which he had lost. Cross was busily engaged in writing, and cross at the interruption he met with from Saunders's repeated exclamations against his jockey; he at length looked up, and said impatiently, "His fault, in fault,—how was it his fault?" Why," said Saunders,—"the d—d rascal ran my horse against a wagon." "Umph," replied Cross, "I never knew a horse of yours that was fit to run against any thing else."

Old Storace (the father of the celebrated composer) had lost nearly all his teeth at rather an early period of his life. This, to one who was decidedly a *bon vivant*, was a great annoyance. A dentist of eminence undertook to supply the defect. He drew the few teeth which remained, and fitted the patient with an entire new set, which acted by means of springs, and were removable at pleasure. The operation was so skilfully performed, and the resemblance so good, that Storace flattered himself no one could discover the deception. Being one day in company with Foster (a performer in the Drury Lane orchestra, and one celebrated among his companions for quaintness and humour), he said, "Now, Foster, I'll surprise you—I'll show you something you never could have guessed." So saying, he took out the ivory teeth, and exclaimed with an air of triumph, "There, what do you think of that?"—"Poh! nonsense! surprise me," replied Foster, "I knew perfectly well they were false."—"How the devil could you know that?" said Storace. "Why," rejoined Foster, "*I never knew any thing true come out of your mouth.*"

HOW TO EXTRACT MEAT FROM THE WINDPIPE.

To the Editors of the Liverpool Mercury.

GENTLEMEN,—Observing in your paper a late instance of a man losing his life from a piece of beef being accidentally fastened in the trachea or windpipe, whilst eating his dinner, I am desirous to make the circumstance an effectual warning against the fashionable folly of talking and eating at the same time. But, after the beef was so fastened in that situation, the man's life might have been saved by the simplest means. No crooked wires, or curved instruments whatever, could be of any service. The patient either sitting or standing, an attendant should have inserted the end of one thumb into one nostril, so as, by that nostril, to prevent the escape of wind; and with the pipe of a pair of bellows introduced into the other nostril, and the parts so pressed as to prevent the escape of wind by that orifice—one short, sudden, strong puff would have remedied the case in an instant.

By giving this an early insertion in your useful paper, you will serve the cause of humanity, and confer a most gratifying obligation upon,

Your old correspondent, J. OGDEN.

STORY OF A QUACK-NOSTRUM.

"In the summer of last year (1830), being on a visit at the country house of a friend near London, I frequently met there an old man, late a farmer, who, though he had for some time abandoned the plough and the harrow, had nevertheless, come up to the metropolis in the hope of reaping a golden harvest from the sale of a newly invented snuff, to cure not only weak, but sore eyes! The snuff was as he said, a compound of various herbs, which his deep knowledge in botany had enabled him to discover. This 'man of science' being diffident of his own orthographical powers (for modesty generally accompanies merit), requested I would do him the favor to correct the pro-pectus, of which the following is a literal copy, through which he intended to recommend it to the public:—'*Eye Snuff.*' The most astonishing Remedy Ever found out for the Benefit of Mankind. H. G.—the Buttiness, Begs Leafe to inform the Bublicke, that by a long Expediment, and study, he has found out a remedy superior to any Ever yet before discover'd. It is Propriced Totely for the Eyes. It Cures All sorts of sore eyes, Sockens the Breane, and Helps the memory. It is drawn up the nose in the same manner as Common snuff, and the Eyes to be beathed with Cold spring water, and a linnen Cloath Every morning. By using it six times a day for the space of one wheek it will strengeth a wheek eye of eather young or old, and by using it Regulear Three times a day it will take a perf of the Eyes. It is a remarkable strengetherer of the Obnoctive nerves, therefore there is no doubt but it will Cheere and preserve the Eye sight for life.'—Whether this snuff has been found to be an efficacious remedy for weak eyes I do not know, but it was few months after it was promulgated, purchased with as great avidity as if it had also been adapted to weak heads!"—*From Parke's Musical Memoirs.*

Another to a challenge.—Through some mistake, a gentleman in the south of Ireland led off the dance at a country ball out of his turn. The person appointed to the post of honor challenged the intruder, and received the following reply—"Sir, I cannot understand why because I opened a ball at night, a ball should open me in the morning.—Yours," &c.

Charles Kemble and Miss Fanny Kemble, accompanied by Capt. *Trelawney*, arrived at this village on Wednesday last on their way to the Falls and Canada. The Hon. *Isaac Hill* arrived here from the West on the 20th, and left on the day following.—*Lockport Balance.*

POLICE.

Mansion House.—A soot-begrimed professor of the art and mystery of chimney-sweeping, who gave his name Horatio Burgoyne, was charged by a woman named Hanson with having assaulted her,—first with his fist, and then finishing the matter more leisurely with his foot. In corroboration of her statement she called Mr. Hanson, her husband, who declared—"First and foremost, he blowed the candle out of my hand, and then cotch'd my vife a precious whack on von side of her head vich knocked her backerds, and arterwards he kicked her legs most marcifully." Mr. Hanson further declared that the defendant was an astonishing genius at his profession, and he would back him at crooked chimney work against the world. He had lately lost some soot and other valuable articles out of his cellar, but he declined saving any thing on that pint.

"Please yer Vership," said Burgoyne, "this here's all along o' my missus, who obleeges me to call her missus, though she arn't no missus of mine. Last night, at half arter nine, jest ven vo'd made ourselves up a comfutable bed with the soot sacks and sitch like, I goes up to missus, though she arn't no missus, and ses,—Don't you think to go fer to do us out of our suppers as you did last night. Well, she makes answer and ses,—'You be blowed,—you sha'n't tha' none.' I then got vexed and served her out. Here I've been eighteen years in the trade, and have always varned a respectable livelywood till missus came, who arn't no missus. She starves us to give the wittles to her fancy-men, and vhen I axes her at dinner for a bit more, she gives me von tater and a bit of meat no is of no use, vhile master always used to cut me off a bellyful; but its all along because I von't call her missus.

Mr. Alderman Wilson.—Well, why don't you call her missus?

Burgoyne.—She arn't no missus. She is only master's hooman, and it goes agin my conscience to call her missus vhen she's a conkerbine. (Laughter.)

The beadle came forward, and said that the house used to be once well conducted, but of late there had been such repeated disturbances that the parish had determined to get rid of the whole of them. It was in vain for him to go into the house when a riot occurred, to take them into custody, for they all escaped up the chimney. Upon the promise of the defendant to seek another situation, the magistrate consented to dismiss the case.

Now, the first remarkable fact in this report, was the name of the sweep, *Horatio Burgoyne!* a name so aristocratical that he might have been the hero of one of Lytton Bulwer's novels; and we thought, as we finished the

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, August 10, 1833.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The large number now printed of the Traveller and Spirit of the Times, compels us to go to press early on Friday evening. To be certain of insertion therefore, advertisements should be sent on Thursday evening, or early on Friday morning. The circulation of the paper is upwards of three thousand copies, nearly one half of which are in the city.

TO DISTANT SUBSCRIBERS.

We receive almost every day, orders from country subscribers, directing the paper to be sent to them, but not enclosing the subscription money. The price of our paper is so low that the expenses of collecting in distant places, eat up all the profits, and we must therefore decline receiving subscriptions hereafter,—unless the money is forwarded in advance; those to whom we have sent papers will particularly oblige us, by complying with our terms. Our hope is to make great improvements in the paper in the course of the present year; but to do this we must incur heavy expenses, and unless our subscribers are punctual in their payments, we cannot do for them what we propose, and wish to accomplish.

Friends who favor us with communications will oblige us by remembering that postage is a heavy item in our list of expenses; and that we *must* decline taking from the Office all letters not post-paid.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For a year, *three dollars*; for six months, *one dollar and fifty cents*; for three months, *one dollar*; payable in advance. Subscribers not paying in advance, or witholding payment when bills are presented will be charged at the rate of *three dollars and fifty cents* for the year.

PIGEON MATCH.

Another match for $25 a side was shot at the Red House yesterday week; and one was to have come off on Tuesday, but the sportsmen were balked by the weather. Shooting and rain dont agree at all well. Drops come down in plenty, but no birds, and flashes of lightning are very apt to be attended with a want of flashes in the pan; rain water is noted for damping ardor and powder too.

The shooting on Friday was very good; a great number of sportsmen were present, and after the set match, several others were made and shot on the spot for small sums; one gentleman we are told (for we were not present) brought down his nine birds in succession. There was a novelty in the set match, which attracted no small share of attention and gave much additional interest to the sport. This was the introduction of *double shots*, in which two birds are loosed at once from the trap. There were four of these double shots and seven singles, making in all fifteen birds to be shot at by each of the parties.

The following account of the shooting, we have received from a correspondent, who does not however vouch for its correctness, as it is given from memory only.

DOUBLES.

Mr. S.	x o | o o | o o | x o	2
Mr. B.	x o | x x | x x | o x	6

SINGLES.

Mr. S.	x | x | x | x | x | x | x	7
Mr. B.	o | x | x | x | x | x | x	6

Mr. B. of course won the match, having killed twelve out of the fifteen and Mr. S. only nine.

THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

Among our contrivances for taking the good will of our readers by storm, we make great account of the facilities we possess for getting sights of new books in advance of their publication. We have already presented the friends of our paper with extracts from the Sketches of Turkey, and The Subaltern's Furlough, neither of which has yet come from the press; we had week before last two columns of selections from the Polynesian Researches, while the volume itself was yet in the hands of the binders; and now we insert a clever and lively sketch from the Parson's Daughter, a new novel by Theodore Hook, author of Sayings and Doings, which will be published in two or three weeks. To a clear understanding of the narrative it is only needful to mention that George Frederick Sheringham has been a poor Captain in the Navy, and that by the sudden death of a Cousin and that Cousin's whole family by shipwreck, he has very unexpectedly stepped into possession of the title of Lord Weybridge, and of an estate of some twenty or thirty thousand a year.

Long before dinner-time, however, a message arrived from his maternal uncle, Lord Pevensey, couched in the most affectionate terms, and despatched by courier, from a place which he had in Buckinghamshire, congratulating and condoling, and begging him not to lose one moment in starting to join the family circle, to which there could be no objection, even in his supposed state of mourning? And before the man, covered with mud and anxiety, who had brought this invitation, could lead his tired horse from the door, a billet, tenderest of the tender, from the Duchess of Malvern, the dear friend of his mother, solicited him to make Rochdale Priory his home for the next few days; as, although her son the Duke had not returned from Scotland, where he had gone for grouse shooting, her Grace and the girls would endeavor to make it as agreeable as they could to him; especially Katharine, who would read to him, sing to him, &c. &c.

Immediately following her Grace, '*haud passibus equis*," came a three-cornered note from Lady Gorgon, who, happening to be in London, having only come into town the night before, and being about to quit it the next morning, implored Lord Weybridge to come to them, and dine *en famille*. They had no servants in London—but if he would—? Maria Jane would break her heart if he refused—and Louisa and Anne would scold her to death for not being warm enough in her invitation. And this note was signed by all the ladies. A postscript, in one corner, begging him not to mind dressing—"come in your boots:"—in another, "not a soul but yourself;"—in a third, "*come, come, come*," all along the bottom.

"To my uncle," said Lord Weybridge to himself, "I certainly will not go; and Rochdale is too far from town—but I think a party *en famille* with Lady Gorgon, would be good fun—at least, as much of fun as I ought to enjoy in my present season of mourning—thither I *will* go."

Accordingly, having sent off negatives to his rural friends, he wrote an affirmative to her ladyship's invitation, taking her at her word that there would be no strangers, and that he might come in boots.

Nobody could imagine, who did not know, the state of effervescence into which this brief answer of Lord Weybridge threw the whole family. More like Fates than Graces, the three daughters of Lady Gorgon had been, first one, then the second, and lastly, the third, dragged about to every possible place—balls, concerts, parties, dinners, fetes, *dejeuners-a-la-fourchette*, and *dejeuners dinatoires*. They had acted in private theatricals—stood and sat in *tableaux*—been all over the continent—at all the best watering places, in the best seasons. Two of them had been down in the diving bell at Plymouth—the third had volunteered an excursion in a balloon;—Maria Jane had given the Loyal Horse-monger Troop of Yeomanry a standard, worked with her own fair hands. The heads of all the three had been examined by Deville—they had climbed poles, and swung on sticks under Captain Clias—they all painted and lithographed—all spoke six living languages, and understood three dead ones—they all sang—and all played—and all danced—and all did every sort of curious work—and they all of them stuck prints on boxes with varnish—and all understood conchology, and ichthyology, and erpetology, and botany, and chemistry—and all had albums—and all collected autographs—and they all admired Pasta—and they all delighted in Switzerland, and adored Paris—they all loved yachting, and they all idolized the lakes—they were all enthusiasts, and all sympathetic in their tastes. But with all this, they remained at the period of Lord Weybridge's arrival in London, precisely what they had been in the beginning—the three Miss [illegible]

"Now, my dear Lady Gorgon," before we go [illegible] dinner—dress I certainly must call it—let me entreat you to recollect that [illegible] I believe, within the reach of one of you.—You are charmingly cordial with each other; and it is delightful to see such unanimity. Indeed, I must say, there is not a mother in the world happier in her children than I am. But you ought to remember, that, however much you may all admire Lord Weybridge, only one of you can possibly marry him. And therefore, if, in the course of the evening, he should evince any thing like a preference, I am quite sure the good sense and good feeling for which you are all remarkable, will teach you so to arrange yourselves, as not to thwart or break up any conversation or little party he may make. I have so far broken my word with him about strangers, that I expect Count Alouette and young Doldrum. I thought it would be better to have somebody upon whom you might fall back, in any case of emergency."

"Oh," said Maria Jane, "I assure you mama, I have no disposition to interfere with Anne or Louisa: only, certainly he *was* very attentive last year; and if you had given him any encouragement, instead of actually prohibiting him the house——"

"—— My dear child," said Lady Gorgon, "how could I foresee—he was not within three lives of the peerage!—two of them certainly better than his own—and he had literally nothing to live upon. Your fortunes—very respectable for gentlewomen, I admit—are, in the world, nothing. And it is not in the world as it is in grammar, where two negatives make an affirmative—two nothings never made any thing."

"Oh no," replied Maria Jane, who seemed rather inclined to stickle for precedence, agreeably to her seniority; "of course one could not know—only—all I meant was, it was a pity, because he is a very charming person, so *very* agreeable."

"I remember, thinking him delightful," said Anne, "that day at Lady Mallerton's breakfast."

"Well," said Lady Gorgon, "in conclusion, all I mean is, that with the extraordinary friendship which has existed so long between me and dear Lady Frances, I should consider myself extremely fortunate indeed to have him for a son-in-law; but I will never force any thing of the sort; I am sure it never answers—it must all come naturally and so I shall let things take their chance—only what I intend to say—and I shall never touch upon the subject again—is, that I believe he is timid and shy, and extremely delicate in his opinions about women, and if he should find us agreeable and pleasant, and suitable to him, I should not like him to be driven away by any little *tracasserie* or idleness on the part of any one of you which might unsettle or disturb him; so now, come, let us get ready for dinner, for we have not a minute to lose."

Thus saying, her ladyship led the way from the drawing room, and the graces proceeded to their several apartments to prepare for the meeting which they fully believed to be fraught with consequences of the greatest importance to their future hopes and prospects.

The silvery bell of the clock on the chimney piece had scarcely sounded seven, when the ladies re-appeared in the drawing room.

* * * * * * * *

The senior servant of the establishment in town, here made his appearance, to inquire if her ladyship was ready for dinner—implying thereby that dinner was ready for her ladyship—and whether her ladyship expected any body else?

"Yes," said Lady Gorgon, "I expect Lord Weybridge; we are not ready for dinner till his Lordship comes."

"What can make him so tedious," said Maria Jane, casting her eyes towards the looking glass, at the same moment giving her ringlets a new twirl round her fingers, and refreshing her lips with a gentle bite.

"Upon my word," said the Count, whose delight was to make English puns; "I should not think he had just succeeded to his title; he is de *late* lord himself.—Ha! ha! ha!

"I dare say," said Lady Gorgon, "that he has a vast deal to do—an accumulation of family papers to look over—an extensive correspondence to maintain—indeed, coming into a fortune of sixty or seventy thousand a year landed property, at least, is a very serious affair."

"Agreeable for all dat," said the Count, "I should like to try."

"Yes; but a pleasure attended with vast responsibility;" observed her ladyship.

"He is not married," said Alouette.

"Not he"—"no"—he is not" Oh dear no"—responded several voices in different tones.

"You know Mr. Doldrum?" said Lady Gorgon, just recollecting that he was in the room, and that, however unusual introductions are as it was out of the season, and the young man was shy and awkward, it might be proper to bring him and the Count acquainted."

"No!" said Alouette.

The ceremony was performed.

"I think," said the Count, "I saw you dancing at de last ball of de season, in May fair, with dat beautiful Miss Lillesdale—Ah me! What a woman that is—eh?—did not you find her quite charming?"

"Very," said Doldrum.

"I think she is so clever, as well as so beautiful."

"We did not talk much," said Doldrum, "the figure was very difficult to me, and I cannot do two things at a time well!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Louisa, "then you are not at all like the Count, for he can do half a dozen things at a time."

"You do me proud Miss Louisa," said the Count, "If I make some smile come upon your pretty face I am too happy;—*toujours gai*, is my motto: what is it in English? something about—ah—I forget de words; but it means what I mean, and I always mean well in English if I cannot speak him so well."

Here the clock on the chimney struck eight.

"Isn't it strange that George does not make his appearance," said Lady Gorgon.

"Suppose mama," said Anne, who was the liveliest of the party, and by far the most active in mind and in motion, "suppose you were to let a servant go and tell him we are waiting—you know his hotel is only in the next street."

"I would upon my word Ladi Gorgon," said the Count, "and so will you if you haf had no luncheon, nor nosing in de world to eat since breakfast."

"Upon my word I see no harm," said Lady Gorgon, "Henry dear, (to Doldrum) do ring the bell."

"An hour's law," said the Count, "in September is great deal. I am terrified to come so late as I did; but dis is worse—"

Upon the servant's appearance, orders were given that one of the men should step to Lord Weybridge's hotel—inquire for his Lordship's servant, and deliver Lady Gorgon's compliments and say, she had been waiting dinner half an hour."

* * * * * * * *

Here a pause ensued, which, in Alouette's presence, was odd enough.

"Have you seen the Steam-coach in the New Road?" said Mr. Doldrum, asking generally.

A general negative was the reply.

"It is very curious," said Doldrum, and sighed.

Another pause. The Count could not joke on an empty stomach. Doldrum could not joke at all. Lady Gorgon began to get fidgetty, and fancy she had been thrown over by the new Lord. The poor woman cook was in a greater state of agony than any of them, and thought that her *coup d'essai* would be entirely destroyed by the procrastination of dinner, and the girls began to look at each other, and doubt seriously whether their mother had really succeeded in securing the peer at all.

At length the servant returned.

He had been to the hotel. His Lordship had walked away from the door exactly as the clock struck seven, to go to Lady Gorgon's and had not been heard of since, and his Lordship's servant had gone out.

"How very extraordinary," said Lady Gorgon, "surely nothing could have happened to him."

"Perhaps," said the Count, with a comic expression of countenance, which made even the servant burst into a fit of laughing, "perhaps he is Burked, and his body sold for nine pounds."

"Upon my word" said her ladyship, "it is a very curious thing."

"I have heard, Miss Louisa Jane," said the Count, "some of your friends called Lady-killers, but if the Lord-killers are about what shall become of us."

"Who is in the hall?" said Lady Gorgon.

"Stephen, my lady," said the man.

"Ask him if Lord Weybridge came here—it is quite possible he might have forgotten something—or—yet—and there could be no mistake because he knows the house."

"Oh perfectly," said the young ladies.

This servant was just disappearing when another announced "dinner on the table."

Lady Gorgon hesitated, but Alouette was on the alert, and with all that *gaiete de coeur* which so eminently distinguished him, exclaimed, "two gentlemen to four ladies—two to two—I shall take my lady and Miss Gorgon. Mr Dol, Dol, (how d'ye call it.) drom, drum—take de oder two, and wid wide staircase we shall do—tree of a row—come my lady, come."

They proceeded down stairs, Lady Gorgon distressed beyond measure at what appeared the result either of some unforeseen accident or premeditated affront, and having reached the dinner room the party seated themselves, their countenances saddened with a gloom which the vivacious expression of that of the Count, who entered upon the task of helping the soup with the most amiable alacrity, could not succeed in dispelling.

Helped they were, when Stephen, who had been doing duty in the hall, as porter, entered the room to resume the task of waiting, since hands ran short.

"Stephen," said Lady Gorgon, the moment she saw him. "you are sure Lord Weybridge has not been here?"

"No, my lady," said Stephen, "I am quite sure; that foreign Baron called a little before seven, my lady."

"Who is dat," said Alouette;—"Taganrag?"

"Yes," said Lady Gorgon.

"About dinner time always," said the Count, "he has a good smell I don't think, eh?"

"I said your ladyship was not at home; and about five minutes afterwards, *that* Captain Sheringham called, who used to call so often last year!"

"Captain Sheringham, screamed Lady Gorgon; "why Captain Sheringham is Lord Weybridge, the nobleman for whom we have been waiting; mercy on us, what did you say to him?"

"He asked me, my lady, if your ladyship was at home," said the man; "indeed he was a-coming right in, without asking one thing or another, so I said you was out; and he asked me if I was sure, for he was come here to dinner; and I said I was sure your ladyship was not at home, and that you did not dine at home; and then he made a sort of sniff with his nose, because he could smell the dinner quite plain in the hall; however I persisted, and so at last of all he said, says he my lady, 'that's uncommon odd,' and off he went like a shot."

"Why what on earth could induce you to do such a thing, Stephen?" screamed her ladyship.

"Why, my lady your orders to me when we were in town last year were—says your ladyship to me, says you, 'If ever that Captain Sheringham calls when I am at home, say I am out; and if he calls when I am out, and any of the young ladies are at home, say *they* are out; and if ever he calls about dinner time, as he sometimes does, never let him in;' so I did as I was bid."

"Bid!" exclaimed her ladyship; "and what on earth shall I do?"

"Eat your dinner, Lady Gorgon," said Alouette, "you can do no good now; never let nothing at all interfere with the gastronomie: he is gone to one of his clubs to dinner; he will do very well, and it will all keep till to-morrow. It is a sad mistake to be sure."

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

Fifty to day! Fifty; little chance now of my having a wife and a house full of "little responsibilities" as Fanny Wright calls them. Heigho! I'm getting to be—no, not a "middle-aged gentleman," for I've been that, any time the last ten years; no, I'm a gentleman declining in years, and may advertise for a house-keeper without giving a handle to scandal to make free with my character. Twenty five years ago, and I should have affronted the man who foretold this; that I should be sitting this day in an arm chair, newspaper in hand, breakfast before me, one foot on a cushion, and only one cup and two eggs on the table. Newspapers are stupid things; I'd much rather chat over my morning meal.—Why the deuce ain't I married? Nobody makes tea fit to drink now; and the toast never comes up to me hot. What capital tea Lucy Smith used to make. Poor Lucy; I wonder what made me think of her? People said Lucy and I would certainly make a match, and so we should, I suspect, if it hadn't been for that cursed cousin of hers. I'm sure she would have married me if I'd asked her; but I kept putting it off and putting it off day after day, and he—cut me out, and be hanged to him. I was a young gentleman then, and thought I could marry whenever I liked. They went away to the west and got rich; he's a member of Congress, and she has grown fat, and rides about in her carriage, with two or three grown up daughters; pretty girls too as I'm told, but they'll never be like their mother. I've a ribbon of hers that she used to wear round her slender waist, and I bribed her little brother to steal for me, with the loan of my fowling-piece:—and sometimes when it rains, and I feel sentimental, I take it out of my writing desk, and look at it awhile, and think I'll throw it into the fire—but I don't though, and there it is yet in the secret drawer with my mother's picture, and the last lock of my own hair. They make capital wigs now, by the way; nobody seems to suspect that my curls are not the natural crop. Lucy used to say that my hair was beautiful, and I'm almost certain she cut off a lock once, when I was asleep upon the sofa.—I wonder whether she's lost any of her splendid teeth; mine have stood it out pretty well, but they're going. Parnly said hers would last a long time, and he ought to know. I must go to him, and get him to make me a couple of new ones.—What shall I do with myself to day? I've given up business and made money enough to last me my time; I've no one to leave it to when I'm gone.—Where's the use of going on adding dollar to dollar, and acre to acre, unless one has children to set up! Nine marriages in the paper to-day! Nine husbands and nine wives created since yesterday morning. I dare say they'll all have young sprouts,—say four apiece on the average: that's thirty six little mouths to be stuffed with bread and butter, and seventy two little feet to buy shoes for, and two-hundred and eighty eight little fingers to wash and keep clean! No fool of a job that for the nine papas and mammas! I was always remarkably fond of children.

There's a new married couple moved into the house over the way, on purpose to plague me I do believe; they seem to be very fond of each other, and dreadfully happy. There's a gig comes to the door every afternoon, and he hands his wife into it so carefully, and she smiles at him so brightly as they drive off, that I'm almost tempted to wish they might break their necks before they come back.—That's a nice looking girl that's come to stay with them during the honey moon; she's the bride's sister or something I dare say; the prettiest foot and the most roguish eyes I've ever seen—except Lucy Smith's.—I wonder if she's engaged to be married; I don't see any very suspicious young men come to the door, and——. But what the deuce is it to me whether she is or not! I'm an old bachelor, and must go down to the grave without leaving any body to cry for me. I should like though to see the girl nearer; it's easy enough to get introduced into the house, and though I'm too old to marry, there's no reason that I know of, why an old fellow like me, shouldn't do the polite thing to a new comer into the neighborhood. I've a new coat coming home, that, my artist says, will make me look fifteen years younger—rather impertinent by the way. And I'm not so amazingly old after all. When I sat down to breakfast, I felt rather blueish, and thought myself quite a Methusaleh. Poh, no such thing: I can walk as briskly as ever—almost—I can ride, sing, dan—, no, I'd better leave out the dancing; but what of that? I'm a good-looking middle-aged man, tired of living alone, and hang me but I'll make one more try for the ring if I die for it. There's a pretty girl over the way, and I'll send over a basket of grapes with my compliments.

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN.

What has become of the Wandering Piper, or "Pipper" as he chooses to call himself? One might have supposed from the flourish he made at the outset, that he meant to turn all the world into professors of bagpipery, with the sweet tones of his favorite instrument; we expected to see him drive into New York some fine evening, in a coach with six cream-colored horses, and—no not with a trumpeter—he blows his own trumpet and bag-pipe too. But what has become of him! Under what bushel hides he his wonderful talent? Has he suffered himself to be snuffed out by the news papers!

Was the "Pipper" too much for his nerves and his modesty? Has any unfortunate misadventure befallen his whiskers? Won't the people be humbugged and gulled out of their coppers, let him blow ever so stoutly? He was to bestow his collections, *minus* expenses &c, upon various institutions of charity and benevolence; they should look after the missing professor, for they have a sort of interest in his "pippings" and pickings. Apropos to the Pipper we have a long list of mysterious disappearances; where is the Sea Serpent hiding his horse-like head; has he subscribed for a news-paper and found out the designs and devices of the Bostonians against his own peace of mind and his liberty? Has he been taken by Dr. Scudder, and smuggled into the fourth loft of the American Museum! Where is the Doctor himself? Has the snake bolted him and his harpoon, and gone off to the north to digest his morsel at leisure? Where is the Comet that was to come last summer, and did frighten so many old ladies out of their wits? What has become of the light that ought to shine out from the four glass plates of the City Hall clock? and where is the benefit we receive from the cash that was paid for them? Where are the Siamese Twins? and Mr. Avery's book? and the hot corn and the peaches, for we have seen none as yet worth the trouble of eating? Where are the street inspectors? where is the hog-cart? where are the stars? and when they are not to be seen and the moon goes to bed early, where are the street lamps and gas-lights? Where are the consciences of some of our non-paying subscribers, and where, oh where the d—l is all the money?

E. K. AVERY—AGAIN.

There appears to be no diminution of the excitement about this man in every part of Rhode Island; we are told by persons recently from Newport that the feeling against him is stronger and more universal than ever. Much of this is undoubtedly owing to the efforts of a writer signing himself Aristides, whose letters appear in the Providence Herald. We have not the means of knowing, of course, what faith is to be given to his allegations of fact, but it must be confessed that he writes well, and with great vigor, and that his reasonings on the evidence produced at the trial, read very forcibly. It is a little surprising to us that nothing is said in reply. We copy the following statement from his ninth letter; if it is true it looks black for the Rev. Mr. Avery; and that it *is* true, Aristides pledges himself to prove by the oath of an eye witness of unimpeachable character.

On the afternoon of a certain day, during the trial of Avery, the Attorney General directed Mr. George Howland, a Deputy Sheriff, to proceed on the following morning, to the house of a lady about nine miles, and summon her, on the part of the government, to attend Court, as a witness. By some means, the fact came to the knowledge of Avery's friends, and a *Methodist Clergyman* started off post haste, the same evening, to the residence of the lady in question. The visit of the Clergyman produced a very remarkable and visible effect on her health, for though as well as usual, on his arrival, Mr. Howland found her on the following morning, *very sick indeed*, and altogether *unable to attend Court*. He of course returned to Newport without her. On the same day a writ of attachment was issued, and put into the hands of Mr. Howland to be executed. This fact the Methodist Clergyman also learned.—On proceeding to a stable for a horse and chaise, Mr. Howland found his clerical competitor there on a similar errand. The Sheriff insisted on having his carriage first, as he was on government business that required despatch. The Clergyman urged his claim on the principle of the old rule, "first come first served." The result was they were both despatched about the same time, and the clergyman and the sheriff, Gilpin-like, started on a race of nine miles.

It so happened, that the sheriff had the fleetest horse, and distanced the flying knight of the band and surplice; but just before his arrival at the house, he stopped at a blacksmith's shop and demanded of its occupant to accompany him, and aid him in the execution of his duty. From the blacksmith's shop, to the place of destination, was but a short distance, and nearly in a direct line from one to the other, was another house, somewhat off the road, and it was necessary, in going with a carriage to the house of the intended witness, to make a considerable circuit. While Mr. Howland stood waiting for his aid, the ministerial racer dashed by, and alighting within a short distance, made his way with all expedition to the nearest house. Scarcely had he effected an entrance, ere the woman of the house rushed out of the opposite door, and was seen flying with the utmost speed across the fields, to the habitation of the lady, on whom Mr. Howland was about to make a "polite call," in the name of the government. Suspecting that all was not right, the sheriff followed: but, with such alacrity had the signs and passwords been exchanged, that the heroine of our tale, who had recovered her health in a wonderful manner, since Howland's former visit, was found *very ill again and sick in bed*; and he was assured by the flying Atalanta above mentioned that it "would be as much as the woman's life was worth to remove her." To help out the farce, and make the deception effectual, a physician was called in; and among the whole bevy of busy-bodies, it was decided that Mrs. B. could not be removed.

The gentleman who is our informant, was present at the last act of the farce, and being fully aware of the trick, expostulated with the woman and her advisers. He set before them the folly and wickedness of such a line of conduct, and endeavored, though without effect, to dissuade them from it. They still persisted, and carried through the abominable work of hypocrisy, and triumphed over the State. I say boldly, and without hesitation, that the only inference to be drawn from this transaction, is, that the Methodist Clergymen in question had tampered with the witness; had obtained her promise to withhold her testimony; and, as the most likely available means of effecting the object, had put a lie into her mouth—had prevailed on her to feign sickness as a visitation from God, to shield, if possible' a guilty wretch from the grasp of human justice!

MUSICAL LUXURY.

A correspondent in Myrtle street, calling himself *Quarer*, complains grievously of a neighbor who annoys him on Sundays with the music of a flute or some utensil of like calibre. We advise him to raise an opposition, which shall run every other day in the week—say a French horn on one side of the alore said amateur, and a bass viol on the other; both to be played by new beginners, and supported by two harpsichords, one cow-bell, and forty dogs for a chorus.—*Boston Merc. Journal.*

The recipe of the Mercantile Journal is very good, but it wo'nt do. We have our experience of these same "ballad-mongers" who make the night hideous with their gentle aspiring—and we know that they're not to be stopped by any thing short of an earthquake, or hanging. The shrill notes of the flute (no doubt an octave,) will make themselves heard above all the din of the dogs, the French horns and the Bass-Viols; and a dozen men shall blow themselves into skeletons with a trombone, and not conquer the perseverance and lungs of one flute player. Can't Mr. *Quarer* bribe the musical gentleman's servant to give him a couple of grains of the best prussic acid! We beg the Journal to favor him with the suggestion.

HALL OF INDUSTRY.

We are informed that the proprietors of this very ingenious exhibition, which has won golden, or rather bank note opinions, in Boston are about to visit this city; the dogs are in fine condition, and work bravely without wages, whiskey, or Blue Mondays. We shall give a description of the performances when the machines are exhibited.

LUNATIC LAYS.

"I want to go upon the stage."

I WANT to go upon the stage
And wear a wig and feathers,
I envy each tragedian
The laurels that he gathers:
I'm sure that I could give effect
To Richard's ruthful menace;
Or would that I might black my face,
And act the Moor of Venice!

My father talks of what he calls
Respectable employments,
Condemning as Tom-foolieries
My Thespian enjoyments:
He calls me mounting mountebank,
And ranting rogue, and stroller;
And not a servant in the house
Compassionates my dolor!

One day I stole a pot of rouge,
And Aunt Jane's Sunday spencer—
(She left me nothing in her will—
How could I so incense her!)
I flew to Cowes, where in a barn
I found some kindred spirits,
And soon I made the manager
Appreciate my merits.

He did announce me as a star—
(He well knew what a *star* meant—)
And I enacted Romeo
In Aunt Jane's pink silk garment:
My Juliet was a charming girl,
A most delicious creature!
With eyes—*such* eyes! and oh! her nose—
I idolised the feature!

Pink silk, with frogs, was *my* costume,
And her's was muslin spangled,
And when the Nurse call'd her away,
I wish'd she had been strangled,
When we lay corpses side by side,
A gentle squeeze she gave me,
And whisper'd, "Wilt thou be my love?"
I sigh'd, "Ay, if thou'lt have me!"

But fathers they have flinty hearts,
My angry father found me—
Oh horrid night! methinks I see
Scene-shifters grinning round me!
Alas! the scene they shifted not—
The very pit seems full yet—
I cannot tell the tragedy—
He tore me from my Juliet!

And since that inauspicious night
The stage I've never entered,
In life's obscure realities
My father's thoughts are centred.
Misguided man! beneath his roof
Now pines a slighted Roscius,
Whose manhood pants to realise
Youth's promises precocious.

In tragic moods, I push my wig
High up upon my forehead,
I cork my eye-brows, and assume
A stare that's very horrid:
I roar a word or two, and then
Speak low, you scarce can hear me—
And then I thump my breast—ye gods!
At Drury how you'd cheer me!

Genteelly come I can be,
And farcically spritely,
I'm excellent in Pantomime,
In Ballet parts dance lightly:
Were Mr. Lee, the new lessee,
Aware of such a treasure,
If I ask'd fifty pounds a night,
He'd give them me with pleasure.

A SAFE OBSERVATION.

A short time ago one of our city papers published as news, a long story of a cock-and-bull and a roasted soldier, about a conspiracy in the East Indies: the story had some foundation in truth fifty or sixty years ago, and being revived, helped very well to fill up the columns to which the resigned public was indebted for the intelligence. It went the rounds regularly; or rather, is going the rounds now, for it comes to us from the far south and the still farther west every two or three days with very commendable regularity. The following article from the Telegraph is in full chase of the long story, and in the course of three months, all the world and his wife and daughters will know all about it.

Horrid Conspiracy in the East Indies!—We observe an article going the rounds of the newspapers, detailing the circumstances of a conspiracy or meeting of the native troops in the service of the East India Company. It is dated November, 1832, and is in fact a hoax—although detailing a real transaction which took place some sixty years ago. The hoaxer has just altered the dates, and the thing takes. Where did it begin? We think in the N. Y. Commercial or American.

One of the southern papers appears determined to be on the safe side: it copied the hoax; then it copied the article from the Telegraph; but with this very prudent and proper remark.

A HOAX.

We do not know upon what authority the editor of the United States Telegraph publishes the following—it may or may not be true.

Certainly no body will be rash enough to dispute the position hazarded in the last line.

A CHALLENGE.

We are requested to direct the attention of readers, and "particularly of Mons. Gosling," to the advertisement of Henry Rowell, who offers to make blacking in any quantity for a wager. Mons. Gosling we believe is the proprietor of the establishment that sends out a huge yellow wagon, drawn by a pair of dashing horses, and equipped with a driver and bugle-player in Livery. Henry Rowell, we know from experience, is a maker of very excellent polishing stuff; our boots have rejoiced in the fruits of his skill for a long time past, and though others may turn out as good an article, we take it upon our conscience to say that none can make better than he.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ROMEO is informed that his description of a gallant militia officer at Mount Holly, is received, and would be inserted, but for a suspicion of ours that it is aimed at some real person, against whom Romeo has or fancies he has some grounds of complaint, and seeks to avenge himself by holding his enemy up to ridicule. We take this occasion to say that we abhor personalities; and that our paper, so long as it is conducted by us, shall never be made the instrument of personal feelings or the vehicle of private resentment. If the individual to whom Romeo's article has reference, has in his public capacity of an officer, and on a public occasion, conducted himself with such impropriety as to deserve public censure, speak it out fairly and openly; make your charge and sustain it under your own name, and our columns are open to you for attack and to him for reply; but we will not give place and circulation to anonymous slanders. We have entered upon the Editorship of this paper with a determination to make it worthy of the support and encouragement of the public; it is no part of our plan to interfere with the private quarrels of individuals.

C. D. F.'s communication, if inserted, must be paid for as an advertisement.

PRETTY NEAR.

The Editor of the Newburyport Herald has been rejoicing for some time in the possession of a scale from the Sea Serpent—at least he has gotten a scale of some sort or other, and he says that if it is'nt the Sea Serpent's, he do'nt know what sort of a beast it came from. It will do for a specimen till they catch the "Marine Monster."

NEW BOOKS.

Family Library—J. & J. Harper.

We have to announce another first rate addition to this popular Family Library. The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings by Dr. John Abercrombie, author of Inquiries concerning the Intellectual powers. Both these works are deserving of high praise; they are sound, judicious, instructive and very interesting; this last being a feature not common to metaphysical disquisitions. The observations of Dr. Abercrombie are singularly clear and perspicuous and prove him a shrewd and careful observer; he never attempts to establish any position upon theoretical speculations, or to explain any fact or idea which he does not himself thoroughly understand. The anecdotes by which his reasonings are illustrated, are curious and remarkably entertaining. We suspect that numberless readers will go with delight through the pages of the "Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," who would shrink with alarm from an encounter with Locke, Reid, or Stewart.

The Infant's Annual. Peabody & Co.

This is a very fair reprint of a well arranged little book. The colored plates, of which there are ten, are in better style than we often find them in juvenile works; the others are much inferior; *lead* cuts should be banished from books. The stories in this annual are pretty and pleasing; but they have one great fault in common with most stories for children; there is too much giving of pennies and sixpences to good little boys and girls by way of reward for their excellent conduct. Bribery and corruption should be discouraged among the small as well as the great people.

We are not certain whether the merry Editor of the Boston Transcript, is an Irishman or not; at all events, he can crack a joke, or make a bull with the best of them. The other day in a *serio comic* article, lamenting the loss of his umbrella, he says: Somebody has abducted, stolen, or carried off our umbrella, and verily we shall be put to charges, which our *purse* can so ill defray, that it weeps at the very thought of rain, and at the sight of a thunder cloud creeps into the most obscure corner of our untenanted pocket.

If the ingenious editor of the Transcript can conscientiously maintain that his pocket was *untenanted* with his purse in it, may be, for the benefit of all such as it may concern, especially editors, he would go farther and prove to the world the possibility of taking money out of an *empty* purse.

A PRECIOUS INFANT.

A young man by the name of William Corkey, who lately commenced business in Christopher street as a tailor, came to the Police Office on Tuesday morning, and stated to the presiding magistrate, that he had been swindled out of a suit of clothes, in the following manner:—About the middle of the previous week, a genteel looking young fellow calling himself Edward Williams, came to his store, and was measured for a cloth coat and white drilling pantaloons, which were to be finished and sent home on Saturday night. Punctual to his agreement, Corkey took them to Williams' residence No. 315 Spring street, but not finding him in, did not leave them. The next morning his customer came to his boarding house, in Greenwich Street, and wanted to know why he had not received his clothes, but on hearing that the tailor had fulfilled his promise, requested him to bring them again. This was done as directed, and the articles were taken up to his chamber to be tried on, and as they suited perfectly, Mr. Corkey presented the bill amounting to $19, and requested payment. Why d—n it says the fellow, I don't intend to pay you now. Well, then Sir, the clothes must be returned for I cannot trust you! Williams refused to take them off, and impudently told him, if he was in a hurry for his money he might sue him, but before he commenced, he would just observe, that on the trial he would plead *infancy!* The magistrate took an affidavit of the facts, and immediately granted a warrant against him for a petty larceny; and Messrs. Brink and Tompkins, Police officers were despatched to arrest the offender. It was ascertained that he had three days previous joined the company of National Cadets, which were at this time encamped on the Bluff of Staten Island; where the officers followed him, and took him into custody before the whole corps. The company indignant at the idea of having unknowingly admitted such a character among them, drummed him off the ground to the tune of the "rogues march." He was committed to Bridewell to await his trial for the offence.—*Standard.*

HYDROPHOBIA.

Some of the villages in the neighborhood of Wantage have for some time past been kept in a state of anxious excitement and alarm by the prevalence of hydrophobia in dogs, sheep, cattle, and other animals; but we are happy to add, that hitherto has this dreadful disorder in no case developed itself in any human subject, although several have been bitten by rabid animals. The first case, and the source of all the subsequent mischief and apprehension, occurred in a dog belonging to ——Robinson, a carpenter, at Ardington, about a month ago, which having bitten his fellow servant and bed fellow (his master's ass) commenced the devious wanderings peculiar to the malady, snarling and snapping at every moving object in his way. We next hear of his being at Sparsholt. Here a man who was shrouding trees hailed him as he crossed a field; the dog attended to the call, and came up to the spot, but showed evident signs of madness by snapping at every branch that fell from the tree. Yet this man (as mad one would suppose, as the dog) had the temerity to take the dog home among his children! none of whom were, however, bitten by him. He was ultimately killed, and recognized as Robinson's dog. Mr. Richings, of Ardington has had twelve sheep affected by the alarming distemper, which he killed on their showing the symptoms, and buried them in their wool, to prevent further mischief ensuing. The ass also was seized with hydrophobia: in this state one of Robinson's children was charged to lead it to graze, when the animal bit the child with considerable ferocity, but fortunately the bite did not draw blood. The part has however been cauterized, and the child is gone to Southampton. He was then chained up in a hovel where he gnawed, as far as he could reach, all the flesh off his bones! and he was then shot. Mr. Bush, of Sparsholt, who has lost several sheep, has been obliged to kill two valuable cows with this distemper; the first of which he ordered to be skinned; but the men who had any share in the slaying of the rabid cow, became very apprehensive lest they should have imbibed some of the virus: and so, after three weeks of anxiety and consideration, they and other individuals, to the amount of seven from Sparsholt, and six from Ardington, have been forwarded to Southampton, to receive the benefit of half drowning in a marine bath.—*Oxford Journal.*

AN INDEFINITE PROMISE.

Rich was sole proprietor and Manager of Covent Garden Theatre for many years, in the reign of George the Second. He was incessantly annoyed, of course, with applications from would be actors and actresses, of whose capabilities for the stage (as usual) no doubt was entertained—by themselves and friends.

Among the rest, there was an unpromising, but persevering lady, who at length worried him into a consent that she should make a trial. She made it—and failed. Her own opinion of herself, however, remained unshaken, and she attended regularly every night at the theatre, expecting to learn when her second appearance was fixed for; but days and weeks passed without her being gratified. At length, her patience being exhausted, she flounced into the green-room one night, and, addressing herself

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

COLD BATHING

Cold bathing in this country, has been attended to merely as an amusement—I mean generally. There are instances where a primary regard is had to cleanliness, but this is by no means common. My object at present is to treat of it in reference to both purposes; but principally with a view to the promoting of health—fully aware that in this, as in most other things, the Creator has kindly united our pleasure with our duty.

The question has often been asked; What are the rules in regard to cold bathing? The answer is short: Bathe in such a manner as tends most to invigorate the body.

But how are we to ascertain whether the body is invigorated or not? Are there no rules which are applicable to all individuals? There are. But there are also as many peculiarities of constitution and habit as there are individuals, and these should in some measure modify all general rules.

The *general* rule in regard to cold bathing is the following. *We should so bathe that the action may be followed by a genial warmth—not a temporary heat—extending over the whole body; attended by a perceptible increase of mental and bodily activity, and an increase of bodily strength.* The eyes will look bright and animated, the features will acquire an increased freshness, the skin will glow permanently, and if we move, the action of the muscles will be more free and unconstrained than before. Although the surface of the skin will appear to have more color, and will actually possess a higher temperature, yet the individual will feel cooler internally.—These sensations will not be fleeting, but permanent.

But when, on the contrary, we come out of the bath, with the skin pale, flaccid, or shrivelled, and with a bluish appearance; when the eye is dull, and the face either livid, or bloated; when there is a general sensation of dullness, drowsiness, languor or indisposition to action of mind or body, then we may be certain that so far from having derived advantage from its use, we are injured. And the injury will be in proportion to the extent or permanence of these appearances.

To the general rule which I have thus laid down and explained, I am not aware that there are any exceptions in favor of particular constitutions or habits of body or mind; except those where the person is laboring under mania, or some other disease attended by high excitement, and our object in using the bath is to *reduce* his strength, and actually weaken him. In such cases the action of his system may be supposed to be above *the line of health*; and our purpose is to bring him down to it.

There are, however, several *particular* rules to be observed in order to secure the results which I have mentioned as desirable. These rules were briefly stated in connection with an article in the last number of the Annals, on Swimming, with an *intimation* that the subject might be resumed at a future opportunity. This pledge I now propose to redeem. And first, I shall speak of the *hour* for bathing.

In this respect, much error has prevailed, even among physicians. Convinced that the practice of using the cold bath at evening is generally injurious, their direction often has been, 'Bathe in the morning as soon as you rise.' But almost every individual of feeble constitution finds this practice useless, and not a few, positively injurious.

A few years since I met with a student from Princeton New Jersey, who was an invalid, and on inquiry, I found he had been using the cold bath a long time to no purpose, but, as he thought with decided injury. 'At what hour do you use it?' I inquired. 'Just before sunrise.' 'No wonder, then, it does you no good.'

When we first rise, the strength of the system is partially restored by rest, but there is also a degree of relaxation of the surface; produced partly by an increased perspiration during the night, and partly by the relaxing effect of too warm beds; which renders us unable to withstand the chill of a cold bath so well as after we have used some exercise. Indeed the strength of the pulse, and the muscular vigor of any individual, obviously increase for several hours after rising and using moderate exercise. If he have risen at 5, and breakfasted—not too freely—at 6, the vigor of the body and mind will have reached its *acme* by 9 or 10 o'clock, or the middle of the forenoon. Soon after this, if the individual is actively employed, his strength may be expected to diminish, slowly; but it will be slightly increased by a moderate dinner, to diminish again soon after, and with greater and greater rapidity till evening. Now there are very few constitutions that are benefited by the cold bath after this *ebbing* of the system, if I may be allowed the expression, commences.—*From nine to eleven o'clock in the forenoon then*, allowing the individual to have risen at five, *is the best hour for bathing.* There appear to be a few exceptions to this rule, in favor of particular habits and constitutions, but they are by no means numerous.

The *second particular rule* is, in regard to the temperature of the system. *We must not bathe while the heat of our bodies is rapidly decreasing.* There is an opinion prevalent that we must never bathe when the system is heated; or, at the least, when the perspiration of the skin is at all increased. Hence I have known boys, and *men* too, make it a constant practice in the summer, after the fatigue and labors of the day, to go to the banks of some cool stream or pond at sun-set, sweating profusely, and there strip themselves, sit down, and wait till they were cool, and then plunge into the water. Now there *are*, I know, a few persons possessed of constitutions so vigorous as to withstand for many years the evils of this practice; yet I believe they suffer the consequences sooner or later, in rheumatism, fever, or some other disease.

However contrary it may be to the prevailing impression, I hesitate not to say that we should always use the cold bath while the heat of the body is accumulating. No matter how hot you already are, if the temperature is *still rising*, and the system is *increasing in vigor*: the hotter the better.

We hear of many a frightful story of boys, who, by going into the water while they were greatly heated, became cripples all the rest of their lives:—stories, too, no doubt, strictly true. I could tell you many of them. One of undoubted authority has recently been circulated, where the result was death, by lockjaw. Not long since, a colored man, near Albany, by plunging into the water while heated at his labor, and repeating it often, produced disease which terminated in blindness. Another person, a white man, with whom I was intimately acquainted, made it a constant practice to plunge into a stream while mowing. Another labored in a swamp for some time, where the water was several inches deep. Both these last, became diseased in their limbs, and were crippled for life.

But *why* were they injured? Because they went into the water or remained in it when fatigued and weakened, and the system was already *losing* instead of *gaining* heat and vigor. To have merely plunged into the stream in full vigor, say at 8 or 9 in the morning, and returned immediately to their usual exercise, could never have produced these results. It is not in the nature of things. When a person is heated to excess with labor, his skin dry and hot, his face flushed, and his whole body apparently glowing with an increasing heat, let him just plunge into the cold stream and come out again, and go to work, and it not only affords relief instantaneously, but permanently. Not only does a gentle perspiration break forth, but his activity and strength of body and mind are increased, often to last the whole day. Let it be remembered, however, that in order to produce these results, the individual must be in good health.

It should also be remembered that I am not speaking of going into the water for the purpose of swimming, but for mere *bathing*. Swimming is quite a different affair: and I will only say here, that other things being favorable, the middle of the forenoon is generally the best season for swimming.

Those who lead a sedentary life, habitually, should pay particular attention to the above rules and suggestions for bathing. It is often supposed that they are less likely to suffer by neglect on this subject, than those who use much active excercise. The reverse is believed to be much nearer the truth. Those who are accustomed to laborious habits, and yet spend an occasional season in action, will perhaps suffer less by the neglect of suitable precaution than those whose sedentary life is habitual; but let even these beware. The system will not bear every thing.

The following anecdotes will illustrate the views I have presented.

Alexander the Great, had marched several days at the head of his troops to seize a pass in Mount Taurus, which would facilitate his passage into China. After several days of toil and exertion, the company arrived at Tarsus at the head of his troops, covered with dust and sweat, exhausted and heated. The pure and cold waters of the river Cydnus met his eye, and he could not resist the temptation to strip himself and plunge in, in the presence of his whole army. But he had scarcely entered the water, when his limbs became cold and stiff; he lost his color, and the vital warmth was rapidly declining, when his attendants drew him from the water almost senseless, and apparently near dying. He was sometime in regaining his usual vigor.

An anecdote told by Dr. Currie, is still more in point; but as it was recently related at full length in connexion with another article, an abstract of it is all that will be necessary.

Two students of medicine set out to walk from Edinburgh into the interior of Scotland. After travelling moderately till 11 o'clock, they came to a river; and as the day was very warm, and the water tempting, they plunged into it. They were, however, *not at all fatigued*. The effect was so refreshing, that they travelled with great rapidity, and with much more ease than before; and just at sunset, as the road brought them to the banks of the same stream again, one of them ventured in the second time, but paid very dearly for his temerity. No genial glow followed, but on the contrary, a feverish chill, with a small, frequent pulse, and flying pains over the body; and it was not until he had drank freely of warm liquids and used a great deal of friction, that the chill could be removed; it was, in fact, several days before he entirely recovered.

These anecdotes sufficiently illustrate the doctrines I have laid down and establish the fact that the power of bearing the cold bath without injury, is in exact proportion to the increase of animal heat previous to the use of it.

It should be observed in this place, that to remain for a moderate space of time completely immersed in the water, has by no means the same chilling and debilitating effects, as repeated immersions. In proof of this, let five minutes be spent in alternate plunging in and coming out, and we shall find the water appear to us much colder at the last plunge; and shall recover our usual warmth, and the genial glow already spoken of, with far more difficulty than when we have spent the whole five minutes in the water; and especially if we have been engaged in swimming.

Dr. Currie relates an anecdote of a shipwreck, which strongly supports this position. Some mariners were cast away on a sand bank near the mouth of the river Mersey, in England, in the cold month of December; and they remained twenty-four hours clinging to the wreck. The part of the wreck which adhered, lying in a sloping direction, those of the crew, who were placed on the higher part of it were generally out of the sea, but occasionally overwhelmed by the surge, and exposed to a piercing wind; while the others were almost constantly immersed in the water. In the former situation were placed two masters, stout men, in the prime of life, and accustomed to hardships—These both died during the night; while the remainder of the crew, except one, were all preserved, and ultimately recovered.

There is one more particular rule to be observed, viz. to go into the water *naturally*. There is a popular opinion prevailing that it is safest in point of health, to plunge into the water head foremost.—How this mistake originated, it is impossible to conceive. To hear a person who has stood on his head only a few seconds, or been suspended in some way with his feet upward, complaining of head-ache, would excite no surprise. How is it, then, that the headlong leap into the water can be salutary? A person entirely ignorant of the methods which prevail,—Caspar Hauser for example, would never think of this method of getting into the water. He would strip and walk leisurely in, till he came to a depth which suited his convenience or pleasure. This method, a method which nature always indicates, is believed to be altogether the most appropriate and healthful.

The act of holding the breath, too, while we plunge, is disadvantageous; for it prevents in some measure, the proper return of the blood from the head, and thus adds to the pressure on the brain.

It is proper, however, to walk into the water rapidly after we have commenced; for the sobbing and irregular breathing so common when only a part of the body is yet immersed, if not injurious, is unpleasant.

Another important rule is not to bathe *soon after taking food*. The best time is when the stomach is nearly or quite empty. The reasons for this rule would involve so much physiological discussion as to extend this article beyond its proper limits.

The use of the cold bath, in ordinary circumstances should be limited to three times a week.—For most persons it is probable that twice will be sufficient.

One form of the cold bath which is highly useful, where the sole object of bathing is to secure those advantages of a reaction which are afforded by a single plunge, is the shower bath. This has the advantage of being always accessible. For it requires but little water, and may be taken in almost any private room; and if the glow do not follow, a person may betake himself at once to a warm bed and to the use of closed vessels of hot water, and other means of producing artificial heat. The apparatus, too, is very simple. I have often used, for this purpose, simply a large basket and a pail. You have only to suspend, or if you choose fix on a scaffold over your head, a basket; then turning it on its side, set in it a pail of water. At the moment when you are ready, step under it, and, by means of a rope or pulley, turn over the pail by throwing the basket into an upright position, and the water will fall in a shower as salutary as if produced by a more complicated apparatus.

A convenient substitute for cold bathing, when this cannot be endured, is found in sponging the whole body with cold water, and wiping the skin immediately with flannel. This practice secures the advantages of cleanliness; and the temperature of the water may be adapted to the strength and state of the individual.—*Annals of Education.*

CAPT. HALL AND THE BRASS PLATE.

We have the satisfaction of finding that we stand not alone in our view of the farce enacted at Candaigua last summer to the glorification of Capt. Basil Hall, author of some two or three dozen volumes of—words, words, words. The Courier and Enquirer took up the subject last week in the very same vein with ourselves; and the Richmond Compiler has followed suit in the following article—

American gratitude to Capt. Basil Hall, for his eminent services rendered to the people of these states. We have never read of a more ridiculous affair, than the one disclosed in the following paragraph from the Albany Argus, and the accompanying epistle. We always thought a full share of abuse from English travellers had been already secured us—and, of course, must believe the gentry about Canandaigua, have put themselves to very unnecessary trouble, in furnishing this scribbling Captain, with a premium upon *his* slander. We fear they have forgot the fable of the farmer, and the viper which he nursed; and while we respectfully remind them of our old friend Esop, we must express our trust, that they will not offer this celebrated traveller the freedom of their hearths.—Be cautious, gentlemen—in the event of this great author's ever condescending to honor your neighborhood with his company, place him, we pray you, where you have inscribed his name; and let your manners be as cold to him, as the rock you have honored with the brazen zone, which bears his immortal name. Perhaps, the public have not yet done you the *justice*, to appreciate your wit; and in the selection of the metal in which you have cut his name, it may be, that you had some allusion to the most distinguishing feature of his character. Brass was the proper substance—your selection in this respect, is the only thing which reflects any thing like credit, on your other very ridiculous proceedings. Your patriotism and good taste de serve equal credit, for an attempt to do honor to the names of Porter, Hall, Blessington, Currie, Lockhart and Colquhoun, all of them foreigners, and scarcely known in America—while you have passed over with neglect, those of men and women who, whether alive or dead, have been an honor to your own country, at home and abroad. Had a little harmless vanity confined you, in your selection, to the men of your own State, the names of FULTON and CLINTON, would, at least, have reflected no disgrace upon your choice. We think that some of those you have chosen, will, with every man of good taste or proper feelings.

Careless Diction.—The Newport, N. H. Spectator gives an account of the celebration of the 4th of July in that town, in which he says—"The procession was then formed under the direction of the marshal, preceded by a gallant streamer, borne by *two stout men seventeen feet in length.*" And in this week's paper, speaking of the narrow escape of a man in that town from death by lightning, he says —"He was struck by lightning, the fluid passing from the limb of a tree which extended over the road to the rim of his hat, nearly over *the right eye, which was split.*"

Public Patronage. A Concert of vocal and instrumental music was given in the Masonic Hall in Newport, on Friday evening. "Between eight and ten" ladies and gentlemen attended inside—some sixty or seventy well dressed *persons*, of both sexes, regaled themselves with the performances, gratis, outside, under the opened windows.—*Providence Journal.*

Perpetual Motion—for the ninety-ninth time.—Mr. W. Bridgens, of Rockbridge county, Va. gives notice that he has discovered a plan to keep the entire gear of a grinding mill in constant evolution without water, steam, horse, or any propelling influence.

MAZEPPA.

The very well got up drama entitled "Mazeppa, or the wild horse of the Ukraine," has been so successful at the Bowery Theatre, and delighted so many spectators' that we have thought it might be agreeable to some of our readers to look over the poem on which it is founded; more especially as we have reason to think that it is less known than any other of Byron's productions; of course we need hardly mention that in the poem, Mazeppa tells his own story to King Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. We shall give the remainder next week.

There was a certain Palatine,
A count of far and high descent,
Rich as a salt or silver mine;
And he was proud, ye may divine,
As if from heaven he had been sent;
He had such wealth in blood and ore
As few could match beneath the throne;
And he would gaze upon his store,
And o'er his pedigree would pore,
Until by some confusion led,
Which almost look'd like want of head,
He thought their merits were his own.
His wife was not of his opinion—
His junior she by thirty years—
Grew daily tired of his dominion;
And, after wishes, hopes, and fears,
To virtue a few farewell tears,
A restless dream or two, some glances
At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,
Awaited but the usual chances,
Those happy accidents which render
The coldest dames so very tender,
To deck her Count with titles given,
'Tis said, as passports into heaven;
But, strange to say, they rarely boast
Of these, who have deserved them most.

"I was a goodly stripling then;
At seventy years I so may say,
That there were few or boys or men,
Who, in my dawning time of day,
Of vassal or of knight's degree,
Could vie in vanities with me;
For I had strength, youth, gayety,
A port, not like to this ye see,
But smooth, as all is rugged now;
For time, and care, and war have plough'd
My very soul from out my brow;
And thus I should be disavow'd
By all my kind and kin, could they
Compare my day and yesterday;
This change was wrought, too, long ere age
Had ta'en my features for his page:
With years, ye know, have not declined
My strength, my courage, or my mind,
Or at this hour I should not be
Telling old tales beneath a tree,
With starless skies my canopy.
But let me on: Theresa's form—
Methinks it glides before me now,
Between me and yon chesnut's bough,
The memory is so quick and warm;
And yet I found no words to tell
The shape of her I loved so well

"I loved, and was beloved again—
They tell me, Sire, you never knew
Those gentle frailties: if 'tis true,
I shorten all my joy or pain;
To you 'twould seem absurd as vain;
But all men are not born to reign,
Or o'er their passions, or as you
Thus o'er themselves and nations too.
I am—or rather was—a prince,
A chief of thousands, and could lead
Them on where each would foremost bleed;
But could not o'er myself evince
The like control—But to resume:
I loved, and was beloved again;
In south, it is a happy doom,
But yet where happiest ends in pain.—
We met in secret, and the hour
Which led me to that lady's bower
Was fiery Expectation's dower.
My days and nights were nothing—all
Except that hour, which doth recall
In the long lapse from youth to age
No other like itself—I'd give
The Ukraine back again to live
It o'er once more—and be a page,
The happy page, who was the lord
Of one soft heart, and his own sword,
And had no other gem nor wealth
Save nature's gift of youth and health.—
We met in secret—doubly sweet,
Some say, they find it so to meet!
I know not that—I would have given
My life but to have call'd her mine
In the full view of earth and heaven;
For I did oft and long repine
That we could only meet by stealth.

"For lovers there are many eyes,
And such there were on us;—the devil
On such occasions should be civil—
The devil!—I'm loth to do him wrong,
It might be some untoward saint,
Who would not be at rest too long,
But to his pious bile gave vent—
But one fair night, some lurking spies
Surprised and seized us both.
The Count was something more than wroth—
I was unarm'd; but if in steel
All cap-a-pie from head to heel,
What 'gainst their numbers could I do?—
'Twas near his castle, far away
From city or from succour near,
And almost on the break of day,
I did not think to see another;
My moments seem'd reduced to few;
And with one prayer to Mary Mother,
And, it may be, a saint or two,
As I resign'd me to my fate,
They led me to the castle gate:
Theresa's doom I never knew,
Our lot was henceforth separate.—
An angry man, ye may opine,
Was he, the proud Count Palatine;
And he had reason good to be,
But he was most enraged lest such
An accident should chance to touch
Upon his future pedigree;
Nor less amazed, that such a blot
His noble 'scutcheon should have got,
While he was highest of his line;
Because unto himself he seem'd
The first of men, nor less he deem'd
In others' eyes, and most in mine.
'Sdeath! with a page—perchance a king
Had reconciled him to the thing;
But with a stripling of a page—
I felt—but cannot paint his rage.

"'Bring forth the horse!'—the horse was brought;
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs: but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
'Twas but a day he had been caught,
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led:
They bound me on, that mental throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

"Away!—away!—My breath was gone—
I saw not where he hurried on:
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away!—away!
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And, writhing half my form about,
Howl'd back my curse! but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear or heed
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
They little thought that day of pain,
When launch'd as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again,
With twice ten thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They play'd me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank:
At length I play'd them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

"Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequer'd with the northern light:
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;
And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of Man. The year before
A Turkish army had march'd o'er;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod;—
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze kept moaning by—
I could have answer'd with a sigh—
But fast we fled, away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career;
At times I almost thought indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed;
But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became;
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright:
I tried my voice,—'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang:
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.

"We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste,—
But these were few, and far between
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest foliage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifeless red.
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek;
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak and the hardy pine;
But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—
The boughs gave way and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep haste, and hunter's fire.
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At day-break winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat:
Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest path he past—
Untried, untamed, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favour'd child
Balked of its wish; or fiercer still—
A woman piqued—who has her will.

A MATRIMONIAL METAMORPHOSIS.

If asked to stay
They run away,
But follow if you fly them O!
The Rinka.

As fresh as the dew on the corn,
Ere a beam from the mountain has glanced on it;
As fair as a daisy of morn,
Ere the Brogue of a ploughman has prance'd on it,—
Such was Miss Nelly O'Flinn
Of a Parish in Munster call'd Malligan;
When Larry the Rover step't in,
And ask'd her to be Mrs. Bralligan:

Long—long, had he storm'd at her heart,
But such was her flinty equanion,
Powder, nor bullet, nor dart,
Could'nt make her surrender the garrison.
Larry, however, untir'd
Still was determin'd on taking it,
But the more at the rampart he fir'd,
The less any breach could he make in it.

O! Nelly, "my angel," he cries,
How shall I tell all my love for you;
For were I ashore in the skies,
I'd forsake all the angels above for you;
'Tis but little I'd think of my sowl,
Or of leaving the mansions of joy for you
So if you have not the eye of an Owl,
You can see its myself am the Boy for you.

Now, Miss Flinn with a toss of her head,
As tho' she intended to part with it,
Gave poor Larry a look full of dread,
But the devil a taste of her heart with it.
"Mr. Larry" says she "by a rule,
Which I'll tell you, and make little rout of it,
This House is too full by a fool;
So, I'll thank you to take yourself out of it."

Poor Larry hung long at her reins,
Still hoping she'd alter her plan to him;
But all he could get for his pains,
Was a wicked "I'll kick" or "bad scrate" to him.
At length all his courage was spoil,
Even the blood of the Bralligan's died in him,
When the poker came which at his head,
Which again rous'd his fdfaily pride in him.

"Miss Nelly," he cries with a frown,
'Tis the bottle you'll take when I call again,
For as sweethearts are plenty in town,
You may die an old maid for O'Bralligan——;
There's some more I can tell you to this
And I trust you wont choke as you swallow it
Last night Shelah gave me a kess,
And I'll now go ax Shelah to follow it.

Then Nelly 'twas yours to bob nob,
And to set both your elbows a kimbo,
And with an occasional sob,
Wish your lover to "*Connacht or Inabo*"
But scarce had he finish'd his bow,
Which he did so tormentingly civil,
Than her heart felt—she couldn't tell how,
But her conscience felt, just like the devil.

Now, Ellen had ever design'd,
When tir'd of her mammy to marry,
But then it ne'er enter'd her mind
For to settle this matter with Larry.
But now that her spunt was up,
She swore by the sheptde of Malligan,
Never to eat bit, or sup,
Until she was Mrs. O'Bralligan.

That night in a village hard bye,
Master Larry was seeking the lady,
When who should step up with a sigh
But his own little Shelah O'Brady;
O Larry she cries in a fright,
Unless you keep up to your promise,
Long, long ere the end of the night,
I'll be married to old Billy Thomas.

"That same were a shame and a sin,
And tho' rather too late to begin it,
If 'twas only to vex Nelly Flinn,
Faith! we'll marry each other this minute."
"The sooner the better," she sigh'd,
"Lest some one drops in to prevent it,
But I hope when you've made me your Bride,
Nelly Flinn won't have cause to repent it."

The parson—no—Father O'Double
Was nothing so stiff—or so tragic,
But then in a moment of trouble,
He could make *one of two* by his *magic*.
This clipping of numbers however,
Was only to make them more plenty,
For the two thus made one of, for ever,
Might be spun out in season, to twenty.

Well, they soon woke him up with a whoop,
And the matter was briskly proceeding,
For while Larry was fitting the *loop*,
Father "*Tackum*" was yawning and reading,
At length he sung "*over again,*"
When, presto!—Miss Shelah O'Brady,
Was changed into *one* Nelly Flinn,
Who is now Larry Bralligan's lady.

However all this came about,
Is a matter of some speculation,
But Nelly and Shelah, no doubt,
Both arranged it for Larry's vexation.
Now Miss Flinn's little cooing I plain
May prove—without meaning to joke her,
That the best way of getting a man,
Is by breaking his head with a poker.

Married,

On Thursday afternoon, 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. De Witt, Mr. John Richardson, of New Orleans, to Miss Amelia, eldest daughter of Captain Robert Waterman, of Brooklyn, L. I.

On Wednesday evening, 24th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Summers, Dr. D. O. Harrison, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Horace Butler.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. Dr. Clark, Mr. Henry Carter of Boston, to Anne, daughter of Mr. James Bolton of New York.

At New Haven, July 31st, by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, Mr. Charles D. Cobb to Miss Margaret White.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Milnor, Mr. Benjamin Richards to Miss Jane Haight, daughter of the late Judge Scott of Catskill.

Died,

On Tuesday, of casualty, after an illness of 18 hours, Mr. Joseph V. Jenks, in the 28th year of his age, second son of the late Nehemiah Jenks, Esq. of Pawtucket, R. I.

At Fayetteville, N. C. Duncan Thompson, Esq. one of the principal merchants of that place.

At Philadelphia, on the 15th inst. William Hitchcock, youngest son of Lieut. John G. Reynolds, of the U. S. Marine Corps.

At Philadelphia, 28th ult. John Clement Stocker, Esq. a highly respected and esteemed citizen.

At New Orleans, on the 9th inst. Mr. Edward Crehone, merchant, of Boston, in the 40th year of his age.

NEW-YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND NEW JERSEY STEAM BOAT HOUSE, No. 85 West street, New York.

J. HALL, thankfully acknowledges past patronage, and assures his friends and the public, that no pains shall be spar'd on his part to make every thing comfortable.

Board by the day or week. Relishes at all hours. aug10

CARTER, HENDEE & CO, Boston, have recently published,—

THE WAVERLY ANECDOTES, illustrative of the incidents, characters and scenery described in the Novels and Romances of Sir Walter Scott, Bart, 2 vols.

"It is beautifully printed on fine paper, and bound in purple embossed cambric. No reader of Scott should be without it, and every one who does possess it will most certainly become his reader, if he never were before."—*Morning Post.*

"It throws light upon many passages, which have not been fully explained even in the notes to the last edition of these unrivalled fictions."—*Evening Gazette*

MACKENZIE ON THE EYE.—A practical Treatise on the Eye, by William Mackenzie, Lecturer on the Eye in the University of Glasgow, and one of the Surgeons to the Glasgow Eye Infirmary. Reprinted from the London edition, under the superintendence of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

THE INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE AND THE LECTURES delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, in Boston, August 1833, including a prize essay on Penmanship, published under the direction of the Board of Censors.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL, AS IT WAS, BY ONE WHO WENT TO IT—Intended to be an aid to the improvements which are going on in respect to common schools, and also presents a pleasant picture of some peculiarities which have prevailed in our Country Schools. aug10

THE POLITICAL CLASS BOOK—Designed to instruct the higher classes in Schools in the origin, nature and use of Political Power. By William Sullivan, LL. D.

The object of the Political Class Book is to point out to the young, who are in the course of education, their relation to each other, to society, and to their country; and to show in a plain and simple way, the excellence and value of the political condition in which they exist. The further purpose is to give some information of the social system of which they are to become active members, and on which their happiness absolutely depends.

"The Library of no citizen is complete where this work is wanting, and it the shelf contains no more than a Bible and an Almanac, the home builder should not attend a town meeting until he had at least *read* the Political Class Book."—*Mass. Spy.*

It has been proposed in the Legislature of Massachusetts to order by law, its introduction into all the public schools of the state.

Published by CARTER, HENDEE & CO. School Book publishers, Boston. aug10

THE MORAL CLASS BOOK, OR THE LAW OF MORALS, derived from the Created Universe and from Revealed Religion. Intended for Schools as well as private reading. By Wm. Sullivan, LL. D. Second Edition.

In proof of the value of this work, and its adaptation to the purposes of general instruction, the Edinburgh Journal has commenced the republication of it complete, in a series of articles under the title of POPULAR MORALS. "We have found this small volume," says the editor on perusal, "to contain a far more lucid, and impressive view of the moral duties of man, than any that exists in this country; and we therefore feel that, in transferring it entire to our pages, we are doing a service to our native literature."

Published by CARTER, HENDEE & CO. aug10 School Book Publishers, Boston.

CHALLENGE.

TO THE PUBLIC.—I HENRY ROWELL, 40 Canal street, do hereby challenge *all men*, but particularly Shoe Cleaning, to manufacture an article—not *equal to mine*—but even within twenty degrees as good as mine;—and, to prove to my patrons, the American public, (who are not to be deceived by foreign show,) that I mean what I say, I will willingly bet from $100 to $1000 with Mons. &c. or any other man, that my Blacking is not only as good, but better than that of any other manufacturer in the U. States.—The money may be left at 40 Canal street—where the public can be assured I have served with a genuine article, warranted to preserve the Leather and not lose its virtues in any space of time. To prove that this advertisement is not merely empty brag, I will place the amount of the wager, which may be made between us, in the hands of two parties, and he who shall manufacture the best Blacking, from one to one thousand boxes, shall be entitled to it, and above all to what I most prize, the approbation of the public.

aug10 HENRY ROWELL, 40 Canal st.

DYOTTVILLE GLASS FACTORIES—Formerly known as the Philadelphia and Kensington Glass Factories.—This establishment is conducted on the most extensive scale, embracing four distinct Factories which from their location on the River Delaware, in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia, afford every facility for executing orders with promptness, without being subjected to the previous risk of breaking by land carriage.

With the foregoing advantages, in addition to the recent improvements he has effected in the art of manufacturing glass of the most durable strength and quality, his employment of the most competent workmen in the country, and his being also aided by the assistance of his brother, Mr. M. Dyott, under whose personal superintendence the entire establishment is conducted, the subscriber is enabled to produce workmanship of the first quality, either of white Flint, green or black glass. He can furnish in any quantities, Apothecaries' Patent Medicine and Perfumery Vials and Bottles of every description; Druggists' Shop Furniture, Counter-tasters, show Bottles, Castor Oil, Wine and Conical Bottles, Druggists' Packing do; Carboys, Demijohns, Flasks, Mustards, Cayennes, Preserving Jars, Stand Bottles, &c &c of every variety.

Bottles and Vials of every size and pattern made to order at the shortest notice. Particular attention will be given to private moulds as heretofore. Orders may be addressed to the proprietor.

F. W. DYOTT, Philadelphia.

N. B. Druggists, Country Merchants and Dealers are solicited to call at the corner of Second and Race streets, to examine the same. Each package of Glass made at the above factories, is stamped with the name "DYOTTVILLE GLASS FACTORIES, PHILADELPHIA."

july27

CASTLE GARDEN.—H. MARSH has the pleasure to inform his friends and the public, that this Garden is now open for the season, and by recent repairs, additions and alterations, it is now one of the most enviable places of the kind in this world: and he pledges himself that no effort within his reach shall be wanting to conduct his Establishment in such a manner as to meet with public approbation. His well known and justly celebrated Band of Martial Music, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as leader, will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. &c.

The Works every pleasant evening at 9 o'clock.

A admittance one shilling, for which refreshment will be furnished. j22

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

GRAND CONCERT.—The Public is respectfully informed that arrangements have been made to produce a series of *SPLENDID CONCERTS*, with an efficient and effective Orchestra.

The following eminent talent is already engaged—*MADAM FENTON, MR. JONES and MRS. AUSTIN*, with many vocalists and artists of celebrity.

Full particulars, and the evening of the first Concert will be shortly announced. aug3

TO FAMILIES AND GROCERS.
PATENT MOULD CANDLES.

THESE candles are peculiarly adapted for summer use, and will burn bright in the warmest climate. They are particularly recommended to Families, not only for economy, but cleanliness, as they will burn longer than the Sperm, and do not produce a cup around the wick to retain any of the melted tallow,—which in the sperm and the ordinary tallow candle is so liable to spill when moved. Manufactured and for sale only by W. HULL & SON, No. 182 Front st. may 31. tf

NEW-YORK SPORTING MAGAZINE, and annals of the American and English Turf, commenced March 1823—an imperial octavo, published in numbers monthly, each number embellished with two colored plates, wholly dedicated to sporting subjects and fancy pursuits, embracing all the Turf operations of moment in both England and the United States.—Terms, $10 per annum in advance. All orders addressed to the editor will meet with prompt attention Office No. 2 Mercer street. ff 22d

AMERICAN PERFUMERY.

TWO MERCHANTS AND DEALERS IN PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES.—The subscribers offer a splendid and general assortment of perfumery, not to be equalled in the country, and on a scale of quality and cheapness, with any imported, which they offer for sale at their Liberal, and solicit purchasers to an inspection of their assortment. SNYDER & CO.

Importers of and Dealers in English and French Perfumery, 3d Cedar corner of William st. a30

HAIR CUT.—"A LA BOURO."

JOSEPH BARBOTTE most respectfully returns his sincere thanks to the citizens of New York for the flattering encouragement he has received since his arrival from Europe.

Ever anxious to introduce improvements which have been adopted in his profession, he takes this method to announce one, the most recently received from London.

The "Marquis Douro" (son of the Duke of Wellington,) having come to a celebrated hair cutter in London, suggested an alteration in the manner of cutting hair, of such a decided advantage over the old mode, that it has been universally adopted by the fashionable world, and dubbed the "la Douro."

J. B. having engaged a superior workman from the above London establishment, has been enabled through him, to introduce this beautiful mode, and respectfully invites the fashionable to call and give it a trial at his rooms, 146 Broadway, up stairs, corner of Liberty-street, next door to Welsh's Congress Hall.

N. B. The "La Douro" Metallic Wigs" made to order.

☞ Hair Dressers who wish to adopt the "La Douro" fashion will be taught in two lessons, at five dollars per lesson.

WANTED, a Journeyman Hair Dresser. Apply as above. j22 6t

ORRIS TOOTH WASH.—This is by far the most pleasant and effectual remedy ever yet discovered for diseased teeth, spongy gums, and unpleasant odour of the breath.

The valuable recommendations obtained from Dentists; the most eminent in their profession, is sufficient evidence of its unrivalled worth. Being composed of substances innocent in their operation, it is impossible that any injurious effects can follow its use

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS.

A. L. DE ROSE,
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. al2 1y

JOHN MACNN Importer of Watches, Clocks Musical Boxes, Materials and Tools for watch makers, &c. &c. No. 22 Wall street, july27

C. L. SLOAN & CO COACH AND CARRIAGE MAKERS, No. 58 First street. july 27

CHARLES ADAMS—Late assistant of Mrs. Floyd—has opened an Eating House at No. 5 William street, near Hanover square.
Meats, Pastry, Coffee, Tea, Boiled Rice, Lamb, &c. at all hours. june 28

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 30 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 48 Nassau street.

FRANCIS AGER, BROWN JUG TAVERN, an old established English House, 538 Pearl, near Elm street, New York.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No. 11 Madison street

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer. No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON RAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN, Merchant Tailor and Draper, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Teubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No. 356, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Framer and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's.

STINEMETS & BOLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York.
N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock

A. B. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broadway dec8.

HOWELL & CO, 40 Canal-street, near Broadway, New-York, Manufacturer of Paste and Liquid Blacking, of a superior quality, warranted not to injure the Leather, which they offer upon the most liberal terms.
H. B. & Co., pledge themselves to give the utmost satisfaction, and should the article not prove as good as is warranted, the purchaser is at liberty to return and receive the cash for the same.
Also,—Black and Red Ink of the first quality, and furnished by the wholesale. j8

P. O'BRIEN, Tailor, Draper and Clothier, No 153 Centre street m18.

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholesale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.
N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regilt. Mch 2

JUST Published, by WAITT & DOW, the GRAMMATICAL INSTRUCTER; containing an explanation of all the essential Rules of English Grammar, with their variations carefully arranged under their respective Parts of Speech—the whole interspersed with a variety of familiar and entertaining illustrations, well adapted to impart a thorough and critical knowledge of the science. By Samuel B. Emmons.
"A Knowledge of grammar is the foundation of an literature. Without this knowledge, opportunities of writing and speaking are only occasions for mental display their usefulness to write and to speak."—For sale at the book stores in New York. dec. 15

HYMN BOOKS, &c.—Rippon's selections, Watts and Rippon's Winchell's Watts, with the Supplement and Hymns of Zion. Also, Bibles and Testaments of all sizes and bindings, constantly for sale by BARTLETT & RAYNOR,
j8 tf 76 Bowery.

TRUSS COMMUNICATION.—The attention of those afflicted with Hernia is called to a new Truss lately patented in the city, and sold at No. 2 Park street. Its superiority over every other instrument will be evident on a minute inspection, for unlike every other truss with which I am acquainted, the rupture-pad is pressed upon by a double spring, which is so fixed as to convey the necessary pressure to the lower part of the rupture-pad, thus keeping the pad closely applied in every attitude of body, and adjusting and adapting itself under all circumstances to the person and to the part to which it is to be applied. Possessing a double spring and consequently a double degree of elasticity, it is rendered easy and convenient to the wearer. j12

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, liver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.
N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ream, at the shortest notice and lowest price free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
j19 67 Watt st. New York.

JOHN B. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in rear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by JACOB SOUTHART,

CENTRAL HOUSE.—Late Patriot House—by WELDEN & WEBB, 135 Chatham street, up stairs. june 29

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.
Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery

FOREIGN and American Small Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Small Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 257 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

BOSTON SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY.—CARTER, HENDEE & Co. School Book publishers, Boston, have just published
GRUND'S PHILOSOPHY.—2 Volumes of Natural Philosophy, with Practical Exercises for the use of schools. By Francis J. Grund.
Extract from the Preface.
The general want of a suitable text-book on Natural Philosophy, adapted to young pupils, and at the same time, to the progress of instruction in this country, has for a long time past, been the subject of complaint with many of the most experienced teachers. In the following treatise, the author has endeavored not only to preserve his work from some of the gross errors, with which it is commonly to find elementary treatises on this science charged, but has enlarged it also with the most recent discoveries in electricity, galvanism, and magnetism. As regards the general plan and arrangement of the work, it will suffice to say, that the INDUCTIVE METHOD has been pursued as far as it was practicable in a treatise of this nature.
Having thus brought the treatise on Natural Philosophy to as proper a finish, the author intends to have it followed by an elementary treatise on Chemistry, which will be executed on the same plan, and form a necessary sequel to this work. june 29

Popular Houses.

ADELPHI HOTEL,
38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY
J. CROSS.
Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing. m11

WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL.
142 BROADWAY, N. Y.

☞ The undersigned having opened the above named splendid Hotel in the most central part of the city, begs to assure his friends and the public, that they will always find elegance and comfort combined under his roof, with prompt attention and the utmost accommodation. In returning his thanks to the public for past favors, he can with confidence appeal to their experience of his capability in the Catskill Mountain House, for a continuance of their present extensive patronage. C. H. WEBB,
j22 Congress Hall, 142 Broadway.

NIBLO'S HOTEL,
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, (Congress Hall,) subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbor as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No site in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.
The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburgh, Virginia and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Roskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,
Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOULD & ATKINS.

TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.

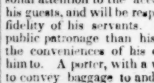
THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of its class in the vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.
Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshments he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Easement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from Sun rise until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.
The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Lunch and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings*, Per week. $2,00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

CONGRESS HALL,
PARK PLACE, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)
N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regular attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june ly

COLUMBIAN & NATIONAL HOTELS,

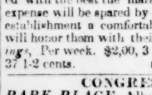
THE NATIONAL HOTEL, occupied by B. Jemp, and the COLUMBIAN HOTEL, lately occupied by Philander Eells, with credit to himself and great satisfaction to the public, have been connected for the purpose of furnishing more extensive accommodations and conveniences to travellers and boarders. The buildings have been put in excellent repair, and the Parlors, Sitting Rooms and Chambers so arranged as to furnish the greatest comfort and convenience to private families, travellers and boarders. The furniture is new, and in style corresponding with hotels of the first class. The location is in South Market street, opposite the North River Steamboat landing. The subscriber will give his personal attention to the accommodation and comfort of his guests, and will be responsible for the urbanity and fidelity of his servants. He will claim no more of public patronage than his assiduity in business and the conveniences of his establishment justly entitle him to. A porter, with a wagon, will be in attendance to convey baggage to and from the steamboats, free of charge. B. JEMP.
Albany, june 25.

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN
STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.



LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK Daily Line of Stages, leave Lowell Daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. and arrives in Worcester at 4 P. M. and in New York the 3d day.—Returning, leave Worcester, at 7 A. M. daily, and arrive in Lowell, at 4 P. M. Sundays excepted.
LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO' AND ALBANY Daily Mail stages, leaves Lowell daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves Baker & Waldridge's stage office, Albany, daily, Sundays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. with the exception of Saturdays. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive until Mondays, at Lowell and Albany. This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Saco, Portland and Augusta.
LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 2d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell.
Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscriber. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Marshon House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march9 *Lowell.*

NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.



The splendid steam boat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt. E. S. Dunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Dunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 5 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.
For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad street, or to the Captain on Board, at the foot of Courtlandt street. mch 23

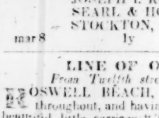
CIRCULAR CIRCULARUM PROFUNDO FURLICO, No. 208 Bowery.—L. S. LOWELL, is located at No. 208 Bowery, and has for sale an unspecified infinitum ad valumbh variety of Fancy Hardware and Haberdashery, consisting of all things useful, comical or ornamental, at wholesale or retail, and cheap for cash, credit or barter. Feb 16

Stages and Steamboats.

FARE REDUCED TO $2 50.
NO MONOPOLY ! ! !
PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA, AND BALTIMORE.

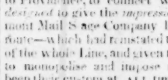
Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton.
The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Morrist. near the battery, daily (Sundays excepted,) at 6 o'clock in the morning, for N. Brunswick, where passengers will take Reeside's splendid Troy-built coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt. L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon.
FARE REDUCED TO $2 50
" To Perth Amboy and N. Brunswick, $2 1-2
" " Princeton, 1 00
" " Trenton, 1 50
Breakfast on Board 37 1-2
Passengers by this line will find superior accommodation, the bar and table being equal to the best Hotels.
This line is connected with the Baltimore People's Line, which leaves Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock, A. M., from the same wharf which this Line lands at. Fare $2.
For passage, apply on board the boat, Pier No. 2, or to THOMAS WHITFIELD, No. 1 Courtlandt st. and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington st. opposite pier No. 2.
All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.
WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.
P. S. In consequence of a late advertisement of the Amboy Rail Road Company, relative to the protection which the Legislature of New Jersey have granted to the public against oppositions that have been practised upon them by the combination of lines to raise the fare between New York and Philadelphia, the proprietors of the People's Line deem it an act of justice towards themselves, as well as for the satisfaction of the public, to state the following undeniable facts.
In the spring of 1829 the Proprietors of the Union Line, and now the principal owners and Directors of the Rail Road Company, entered into a combination with the old *Citizen's Line*, whereby having *two-thirds* of the stock of both Companies, the fare was raised to Four Dollars in the Summer and Six Dollars in the Winter, which was effected by their own act, and not by the Proprietors of the People's Line, as unjustly stated by them. And if it is true, that by the *first section* of their Charter, more than Three Dollars cannot be charged, why did the Rail Road Company during the last winter exact Five Dollars as the regular fare between the two cities ? aug3

BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.
TREMONT MAIL STAGES.

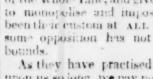


Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.
Also, Steam Boat Mail Leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the Citizens line.
For Seats or Extra Coaches in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Battle-street and Washington Coffee House, 198 Washington street. In Providence, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Agent on board of the Boats on their arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owner thereof. Passengers wishing to travel by this line will please not to pay the stage fare on board the Boats. C. B. WILDER, Agent.
N. B. It will be seen by reference to several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, in connect with the Boats; *evidently designed to give the impression in full*, that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had been beaten off the route—which had translated them in the full possession of the whole Line, and given them another opportunity to monopolise and impose upon passengers, as has been the case on all occasions when a good wholesome opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.
As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued imposition, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, from the Boats, on an average, than any other line on the route. m11

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.
FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.

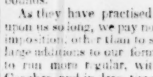


The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.



Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. SANTON & CO. 114 South street.
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 243 Pearl st.
jan 19

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
New Arrangement.—Daily, Sunday excepted.

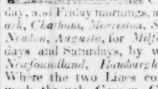


THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, by way of *Newark, Elizabeth, Morristown, Sparta, Stanhope Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta*, for *Milford*. On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Danbury, Peckertown to Milford*. Where the two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose*, to *Oswego*, and thence through *Ithaca* to *Geneva*, daily.
Intersecting Lines.—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, in intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose, it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilksbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. A Line leaves Montrose, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Oswego, it intersects a Line to Tioga Point, Newton, Erth, Olin Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I. Roy, Jersey City.
JOSEPH I. ROY.
SEARL & HORTON,
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
mar 8 1y *Proprietors.*

LINE OF OMNIBUSES
From Twelfth street to Wall street.

MOSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful little carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Paragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for "the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.
N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this business, he did not obtain the knowledge of any tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and further, that he has received as cash, Tickets unredeemed and of course a dead loss. He trusts therefore it will not be considered unkind in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he has every reason to believe was issued and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expense greater than the cost making under any circumstance would warrant.
New York, January 25, 1833. Jan 26

NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES.



FROM Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass. to run in Line with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsboro, Dunstable, Pepperell, Lancaster, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Packer, Greenwich, Enfield, Belchertown, Granby, Chicopee Village, and arrives at Springfield the same days, at Sunset P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.
RETURNING,
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.
Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March 2 *N. B. MOSELY, Agent*

PATENT SPIRIT LEVEL.—G. MICHELL, Inventor and sole proprietor of the newly discovered SPIRIT LEVEL, 164 Broadway, N. York, which is decidedly and confessedly far surpasses any other kind offered to the public. They form five bases for ascertaining, without any attention. The great encouragement they have received, is the best recommendation. dec6 6m

Stages and Steamboats.

FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.
From the foot of Fulton street, E. R.
ARRANGEMENT FOR MARCH, 1833.

The new and splendid low pressure Steam Boats BOSTON, Capt. William Comstock, and PROVIDENCE, Capt. Seth Thayer, will leave New York and Providence on the following days :—
The BOSTON will leave New York at 4 o'clock P. M and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

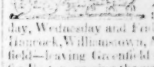
FROM NEW YORK.	*FROM PROVIDENCE.*
On Saturday, March 2	On Tuesday, March 5
Thursday " 7	Saturday " 9
Tuesday " 12	Thursday " 14
Saturday " 16	Tuesday " 19
Thursday " 21	Saturday " 23
Tuesday " 26	Thursday " 28
Saturday " 30	

The PROVIDENCE will leave New York at 4 P. M and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

FROM NEW YORK	*FROM PROVIDENCE.*
On Saturday March 9	On Thursday March 7
Thursday " 14	Tuesday " 12
Tuesday " 19	Saturday " 16
Saturday " 23	Thursday " 21
Thursday " 28	Tuesday " 26
	Saturday " 30

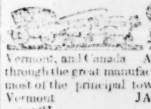
The splendid boats have each two heavy copper boilers and are propelled by low pressure engines. For further particulars, apply to the masters on board, or RICHARD S. WILLIAMS & CO. corner of Fulton and South street. March 9

STAGE OFFICE.
Earle's, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.



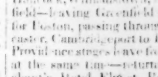
NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Portland and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.
Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M. lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.
Albany Mail Stages via Worcester, Northampton, Philadelphia and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.
Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.
Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woodstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 2d day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boats to New-York.
Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.
Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Wal-ham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 3 o'clock, A. M.
Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', Grafton, Millbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extra Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

LOWELL AND BOSTON
Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.



COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted, at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leave Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*

VIRGINIA LINE.
Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcester and Providence Stages.

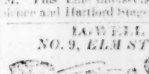


LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hall, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing through Lanesborough, Williamstown, Adams, Chesh-ment to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster & Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leave Bingham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 5 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M., Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M.
J. S. KELLER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston.
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

ALBANY AND LISTON
Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.

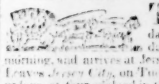
LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. from the door of the Eagle Coffee House, Montgomery Hall, No. 436 South Market Street, and at Gould & Robbs, City Coffee House, 336 North Market Street, and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. arrives at Liston at Rudd-son's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall, and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6 P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

LOWELL & BOSTON,
NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.



COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 7 o'clock, for Newhampshire Vermont, and Canada All of the above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 21. 1y

NEW-YORK AND EASTON
Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.



THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves Jersey City, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bone-Hill, Morristown, Mendham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington, &c.* At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Black Creek, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre, &c.* For seats, apply to John Patten, 73, Courtlandt Street, New-York; or J. E. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners
mar 8 tf J. I. ROY & CO.

MERCHANTS' LINE.

TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE
Canal for Freight and Passengers.

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Coenties slip, corner of Water st. New York; Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester; Hunter & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hamel, Erie, Pa.; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Wadsworth, Cleveland, O.; J. W. Bollister & Co. Sandusky City O.; Gaylord & Fulton, Columbus, O.; C. W. Coleman & Co. Cincinnati, O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20 1y *Proprietors*

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
WHITE'S No. 14 ELM STREET,
BOSTON, FITCHBURG, PETERSBURGH and Brattleboro' Mail Stages.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stages on the above route will in future, leave the Exchange and Stage Office, White's, No. 14, Elm street, Boston, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the west and northern and northeastern Stages. Returning, leave Brattleboro' every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 9 P. M.
CITIZENS LINE OF MAIL COACHES
From Boston, through Providence to Keene.
Leaves the General Stage Office, White's, No. 14, Elm street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Monday, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 5 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be punctual to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 14 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Brattleboro' Mail Stages.
Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 5 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, White's, No. 14 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be punctual to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 14 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
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E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent in Boston.
mar 1

KEITH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

New Inventions.

ROGERS'S PATENT
Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Waterford, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine*, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skilful Engineers at the United States Arsenals at Gibbonsville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other in use, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, on shelf dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20.

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.
ECONOMY and Luxury combined in *JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD.*—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental